

YOSEMITE LEGENDS



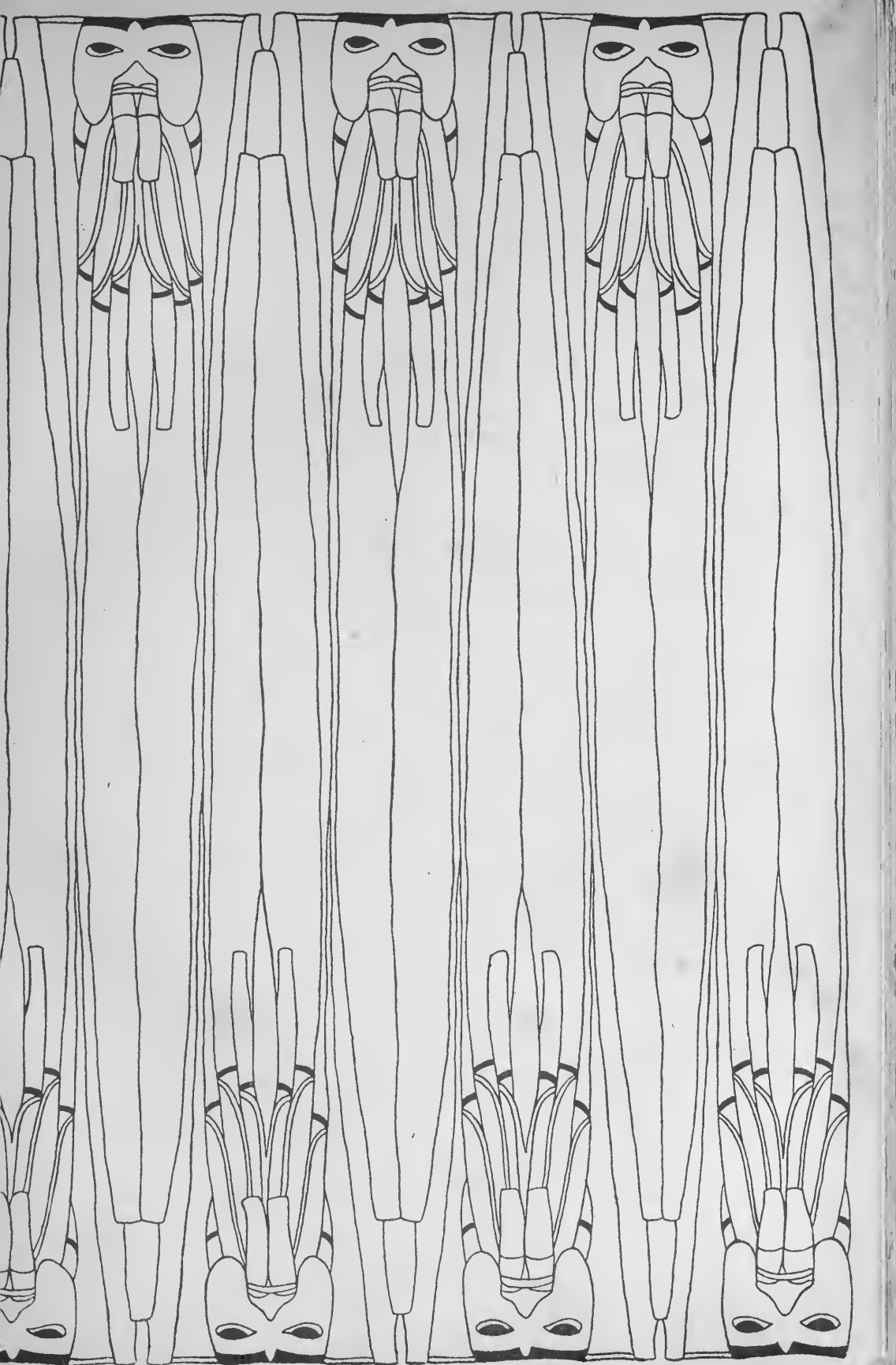


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YOSEMITE
LEGENDS





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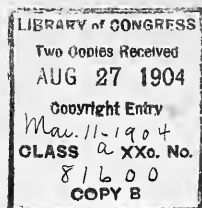
BY
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WITH DRAWINGS BY
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PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS SAN FRANCISCO



PS3537
M238Y6
1904

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The Legends

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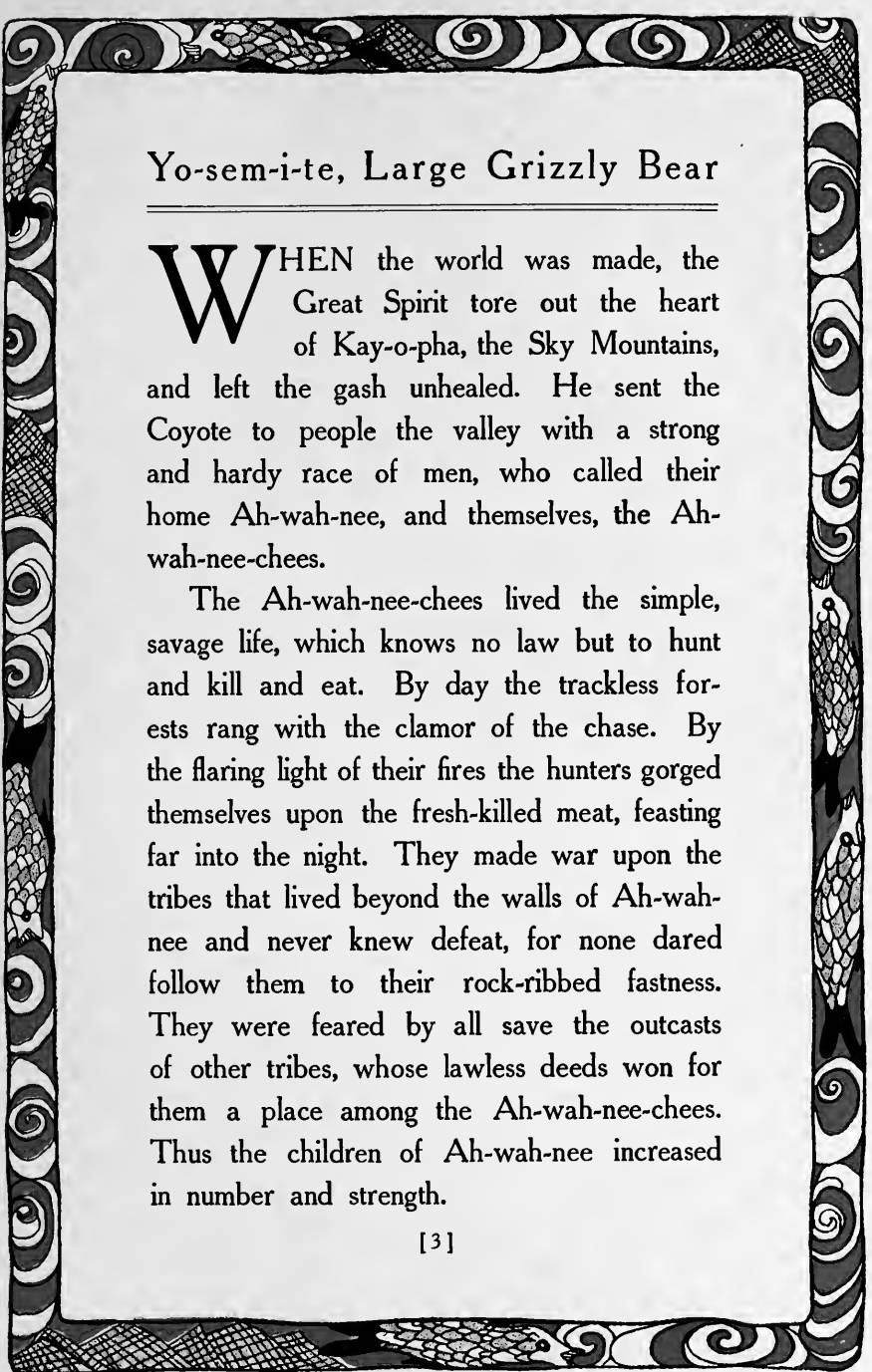




“Ke-koo-too-yem, the Sleeping Water.”

ROSEMITE
LARGE GRIZZLY BEAR

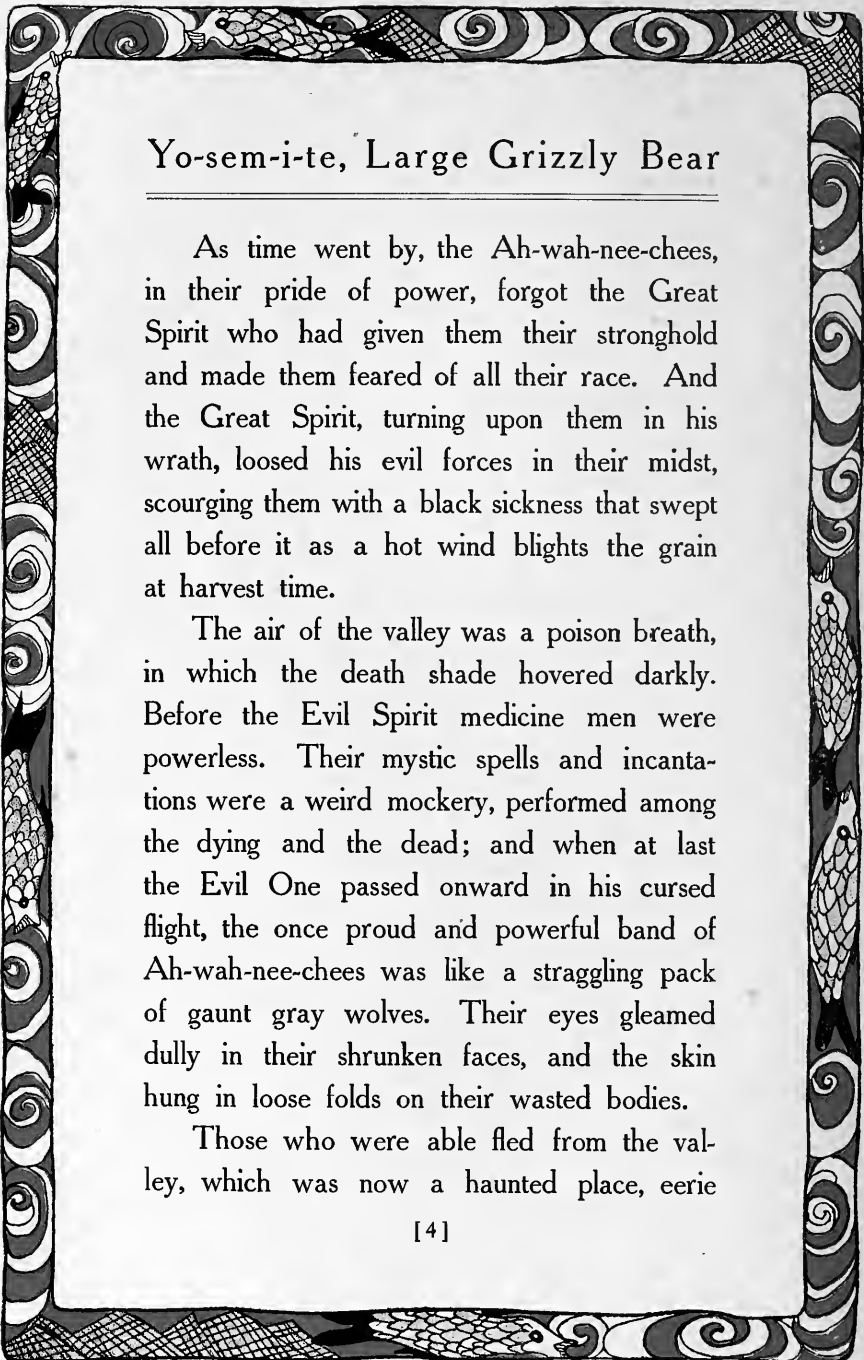




Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

WHEN the world was made, the Great Spirit tore out the heart of Kay-o-pha, the Sky Mountains, and left the gash unhealed. He sent the Coyote to people the valley with a strong and hardy race of men, who called their home Ah-wah-nee, and themselves, the Ah-wah-nee-chees.

The Ah-wah-nee-chees lived the simple, savage life, which knows no law but to hunt and kill and eat. By day the trackless forests rang with the clamor of the chase. By the flaring light of their fires the hunters gorged themselves upon the fresh-killed meat, feasting far into the night. They made war upon the tribes that lived beyond the walls of Ah-wah-nee and never knew defeat, for none dared follow them to their rock-ribbed fastness. They were feared by all save the outcasts of other tribes, whose lawless deeds won for them a place among the Ah-wah-nee-chees. Thus the children of Ah-wah-nee increased in number and strength.

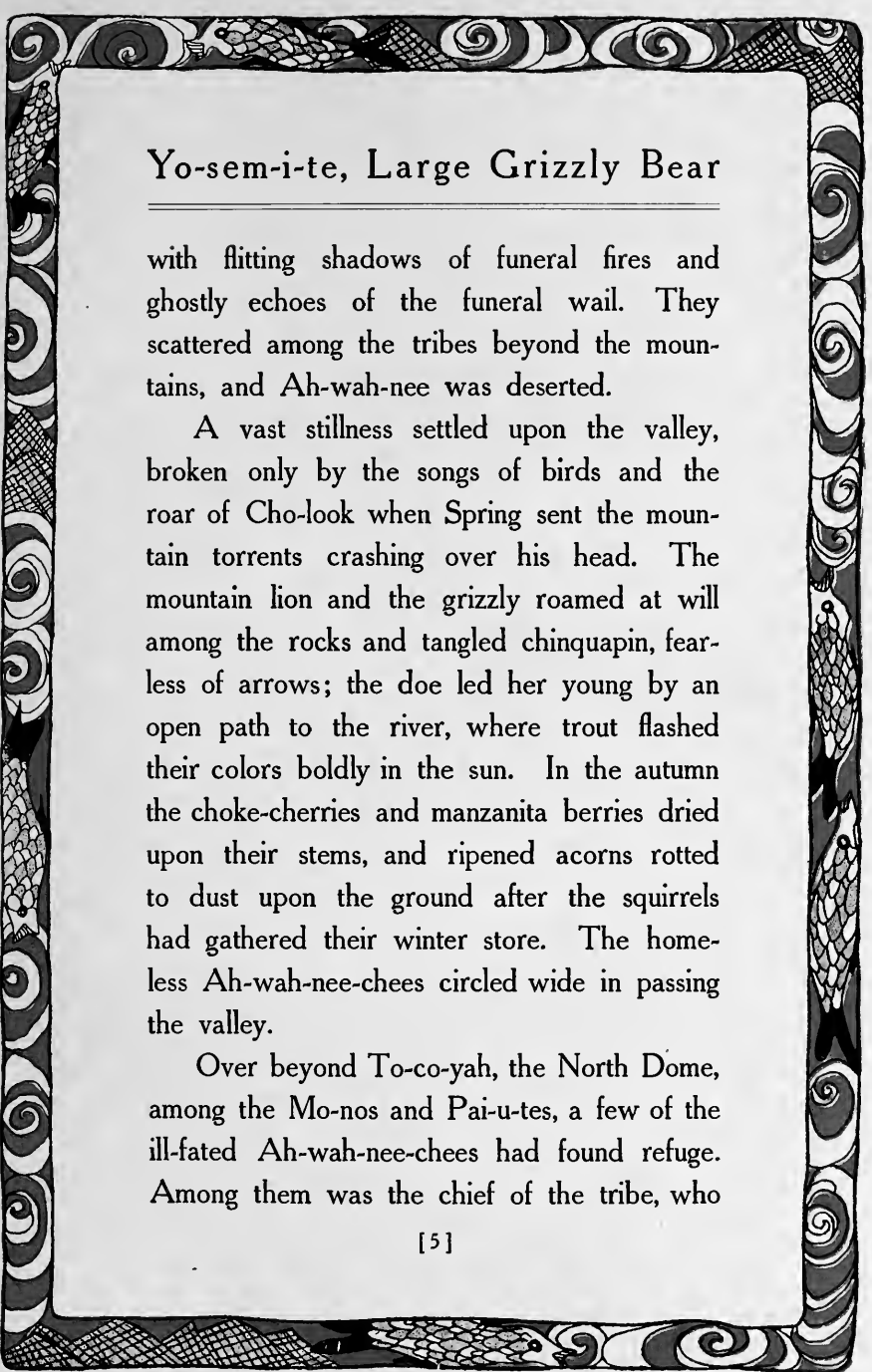


Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

As time went by, the Ah-wah-nee-chees, in their pride of power, forgot the Great Spirit who had given them their stronghold and made them feared of all their race. And the Great Spirit, turning upon them in his wrath, loosed his evil forces in their midst, scourging them with a black sickness that swept all before it as a hot wind blights the grain at harvest time.

The air of the valley was a poison breath, in which the death shade hovered darkly. Before the Evil Spirit medicine men were powerless. Their mystic spells and incantations were a weird mockery, performed among the dying and the dead; and when at last the Evil One passed onward in his cursed flight, the once proud and powerful band of Ah-wah-nee-chees was like a straggling pack of gaunt gray wolves. Their eyes gleamed dully in their shrunken faces, and the skin hung in loose folds on their wasted bodies.

Those who were able fled from the valley, which was now a haunted place, eerie

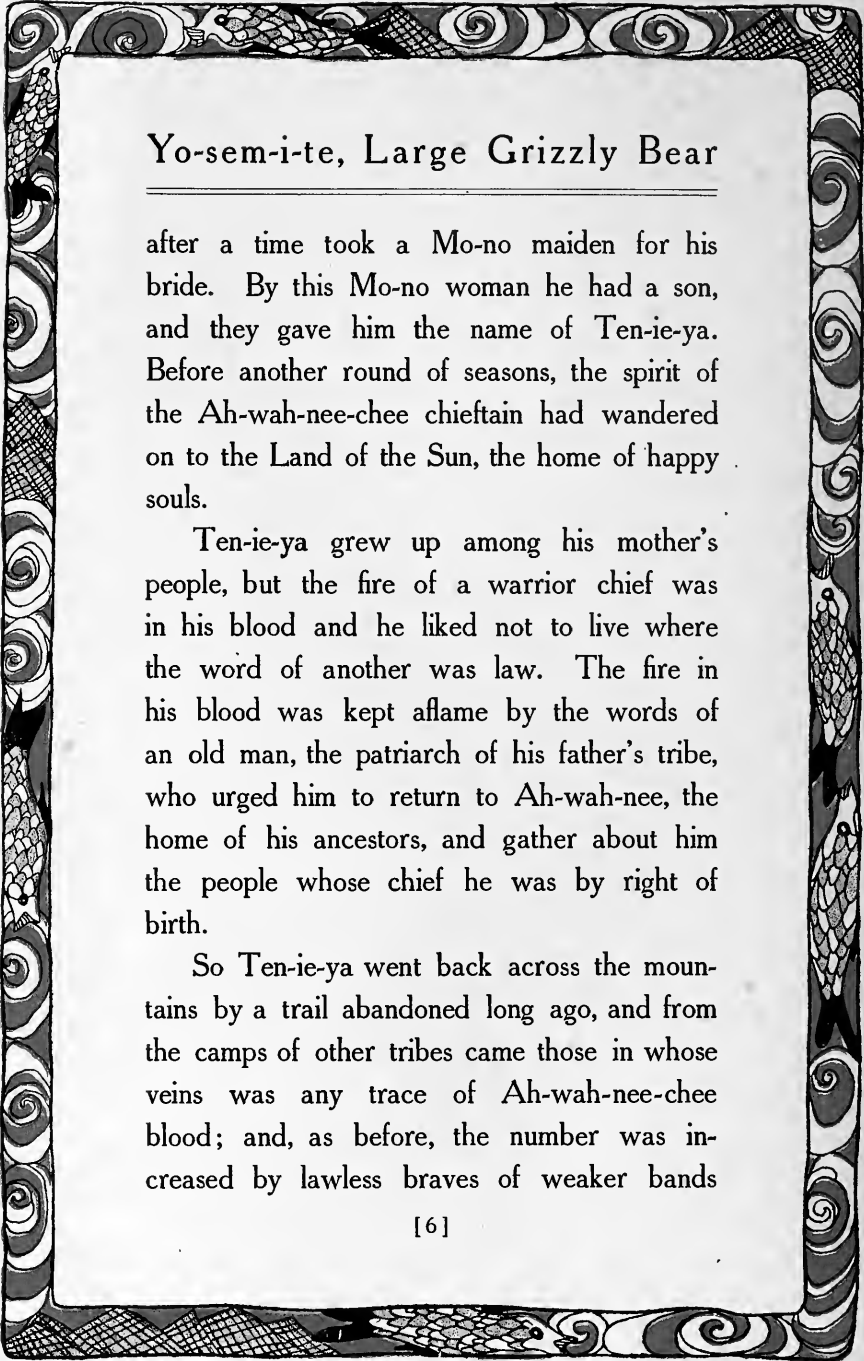


Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

with flitting shadows of funeral fires and ghostly echoes of the funeral wail. They scattered among the tribes beyond the mountains, and Ah-wah-nee was deserted.

A vast stillness settled upon the valley, broken only by the songs of birds and the roar of Cho-look when Spring sent the mountain torrents crashing over his head. The mountain lion and the grizzly roamed at will among the rocks and tangled chinquapin, fearless of arrows; the doe led her young by an open path to the river, where trout flashed their colors boldly in the sun. In the autumn the choke-cherries and manzanita berries dried upon their stems, and ripened acorns rotted to dust upon the ground after the squirrels had gathered their winter store. The homeless Ah-wah-nee-chees circled wide in passing the valley.

Over beyond To-co-yah, the North Dome, among the Mo-nos and Pai-u-tes, a few of the ill-fated Ah-wah-nee-chees had found refuge. Among them was the chief of the tribe, who



Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

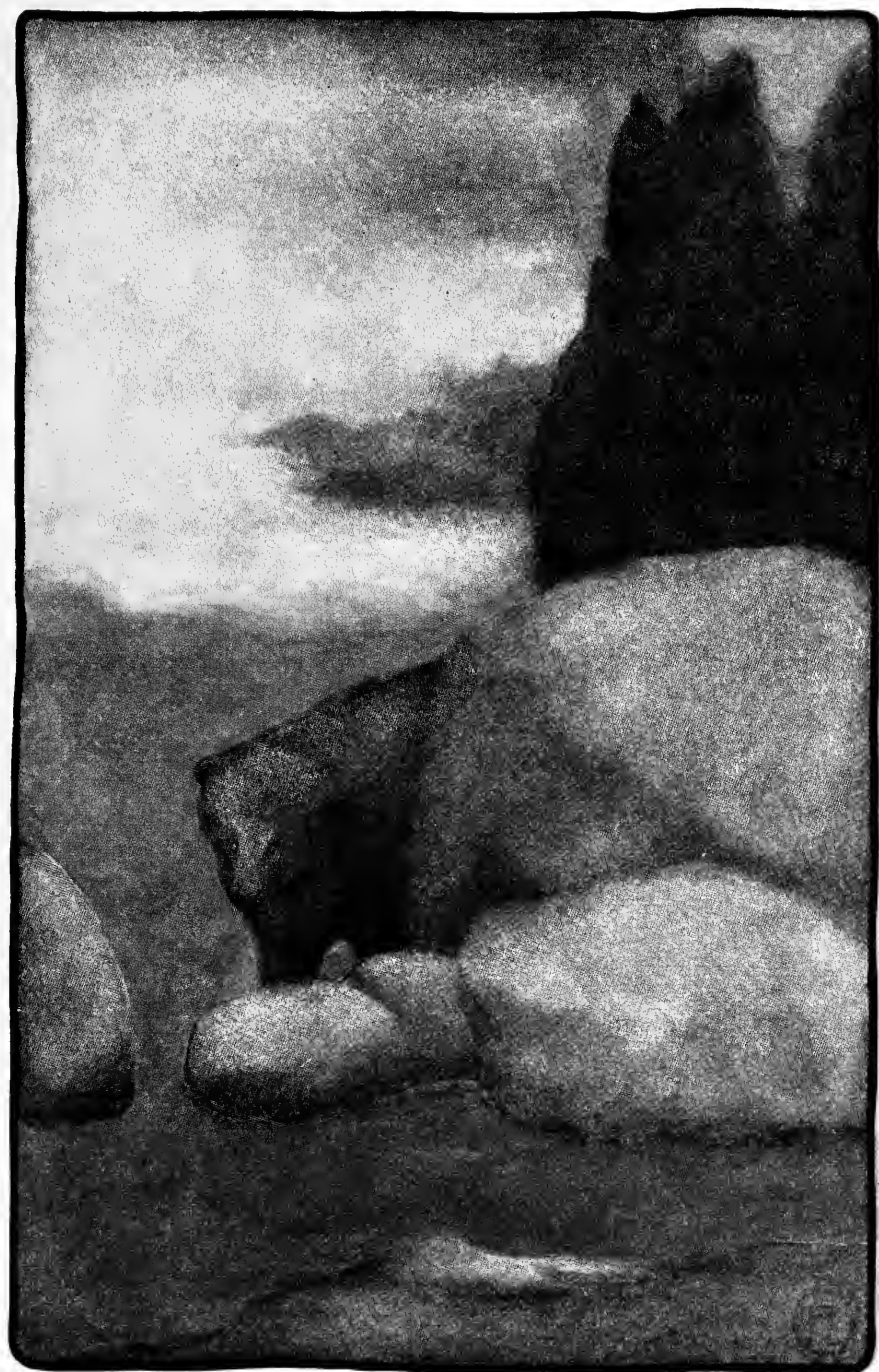
after a time took a Mo-no maiden for his bride. By this Mo-no woman he had a son, and they gave him the name of Ten-ie-ya. Before another round of seasons, the spirit of the Ah-wah-nee-chee chieftain had wandered on to the Land of the Sun, the home of happy souls.

Ten-ie-ya grew up among his mother's people, but the fire of a warrior chief was in his blood and he liked not to live where the word of another was law. The fire in his blood was kept aflame by the words of an old man, the patriarch of his father's tribe, who urged him to return to Ah-wah-nee, the home of his ancestors, and gather about him the people whose chief he was by right of birth.

So Ten-ie-ya went back across the mountains by a trail abandoned long ago, and from the camps of other tribes came those in whose veins was any trace of Ah-wah-nee-chee blood; and, as before, the number was increased by lawless braves of weaker bands

"A woman, firstly, that had just crept forth from the winter cover."

“A monster grizzly that had just crept forth from his winter cave.”



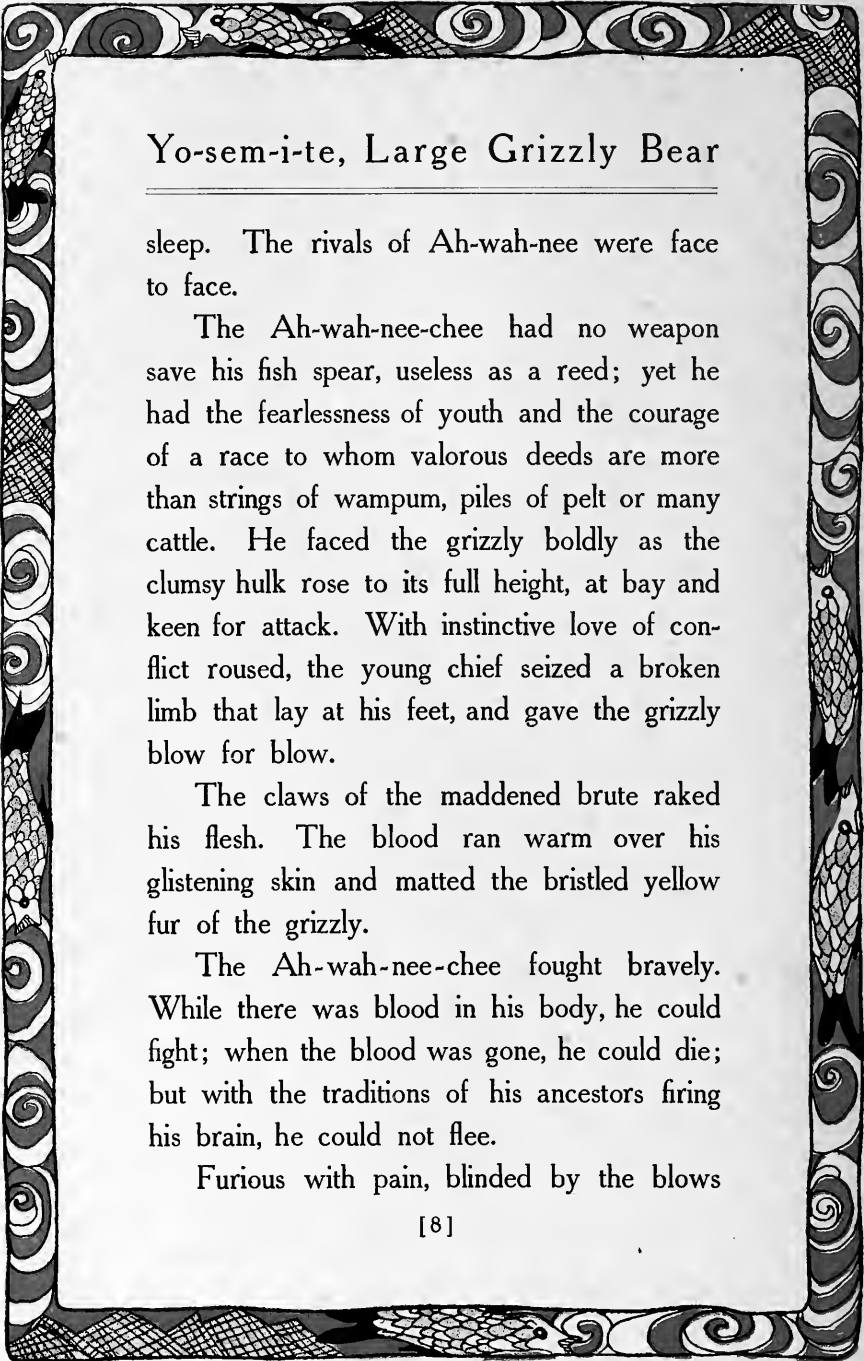


Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

who liked a greater freedom for their lawlessness. Again, under the favor of the Great Spirit, the Ah-wah-nee-chees flourished and by their fierce strength and daring became to other tribes as the mountain lion to the wolf and the coyote and the mountain sheep.

And it chanced that one day while Ten-ie-ya and his warriors were camped near Le-ham-i-te, the Cañon of the Arrow-wood, a young brave went out in the early morning to the lake of Ke-koo-too-yem, the Sleeping Water, to spear fish. His lithe, strong limbs took no heed of the rocky talus in his path, and he leaped from boulder to boulder, following the wall that rose sheer above him and cut the blue sky overhead.

As he reached the base of Scho-ko-ni, the cliff that arches like the shade of an Indian cradle basket, he came suddenly upon a monster grizzly that had just crept forth from his winter cave. The grizzly knows no man for his friend; least of all, the man who surprises him at the first meal after his long



Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

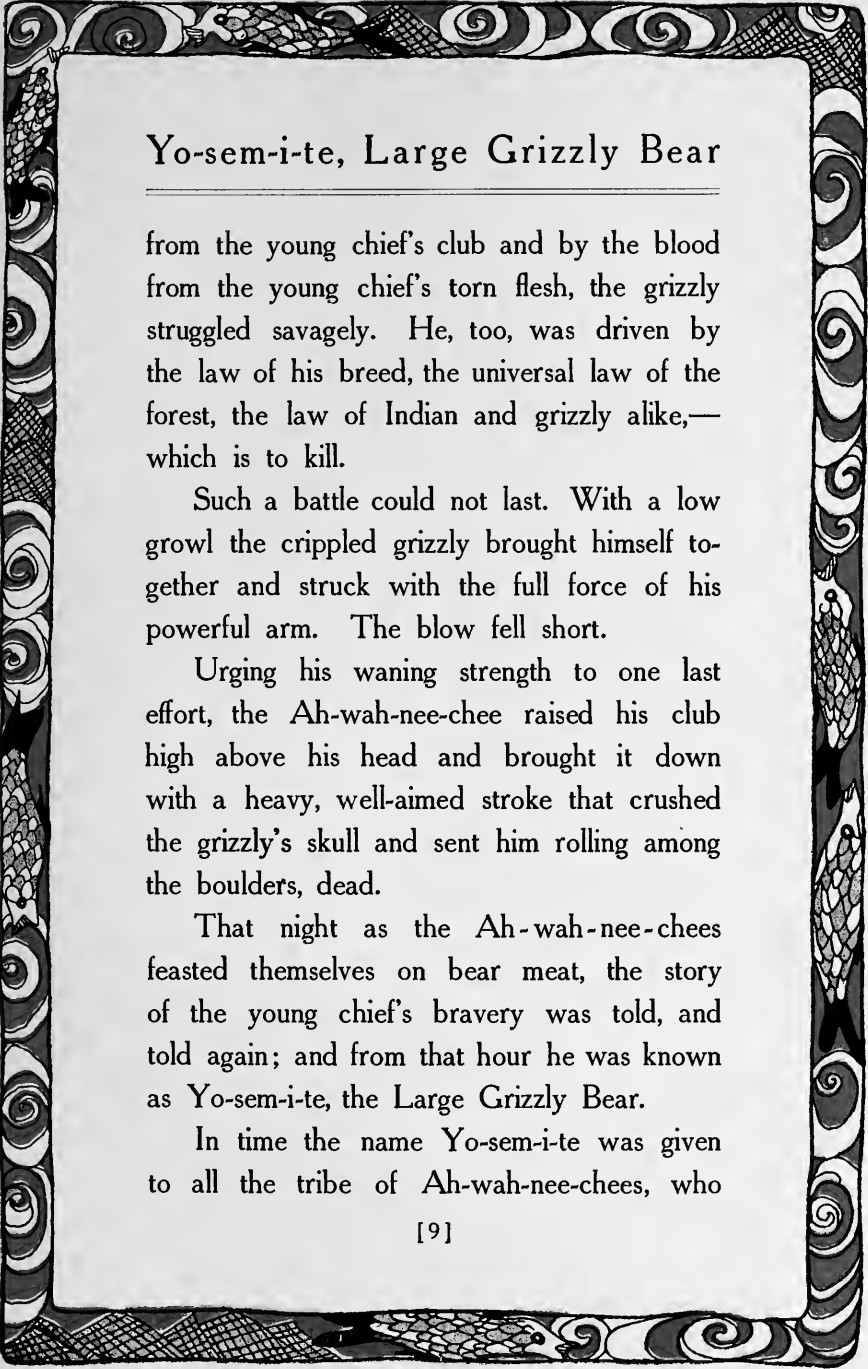
sleep. The rivals of Ah-wah-nee were face to face.

The Ah-wah-nee-chee had no weapon save his fish spear, useless as a reed; yet he had the fearlessness of youth and the courage of a race to whom valorous deeds are more than strings of wampum, piles of pelt or many cattle. He faced the grizzly boldly as the clumsy hulk rose to its full height, at bay and keen for attack. With instinctive love of conflict roused, the young chief seized a broken limb that lay at his feet, and gave the grizzly blow for blow.

The claws of the maddened brute raked his flesh. The blood ran warm over his glistening skin and matted the bristled yellow fur of the grizzly.

The Ah-wah-nee-chee fought bravely. While there was blood in his body, he could fight; when the blood was gone, he could die; but with the traditions of his ancestors firing his brain, he could not flee.

Furious with pain, blinded by the blows



Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

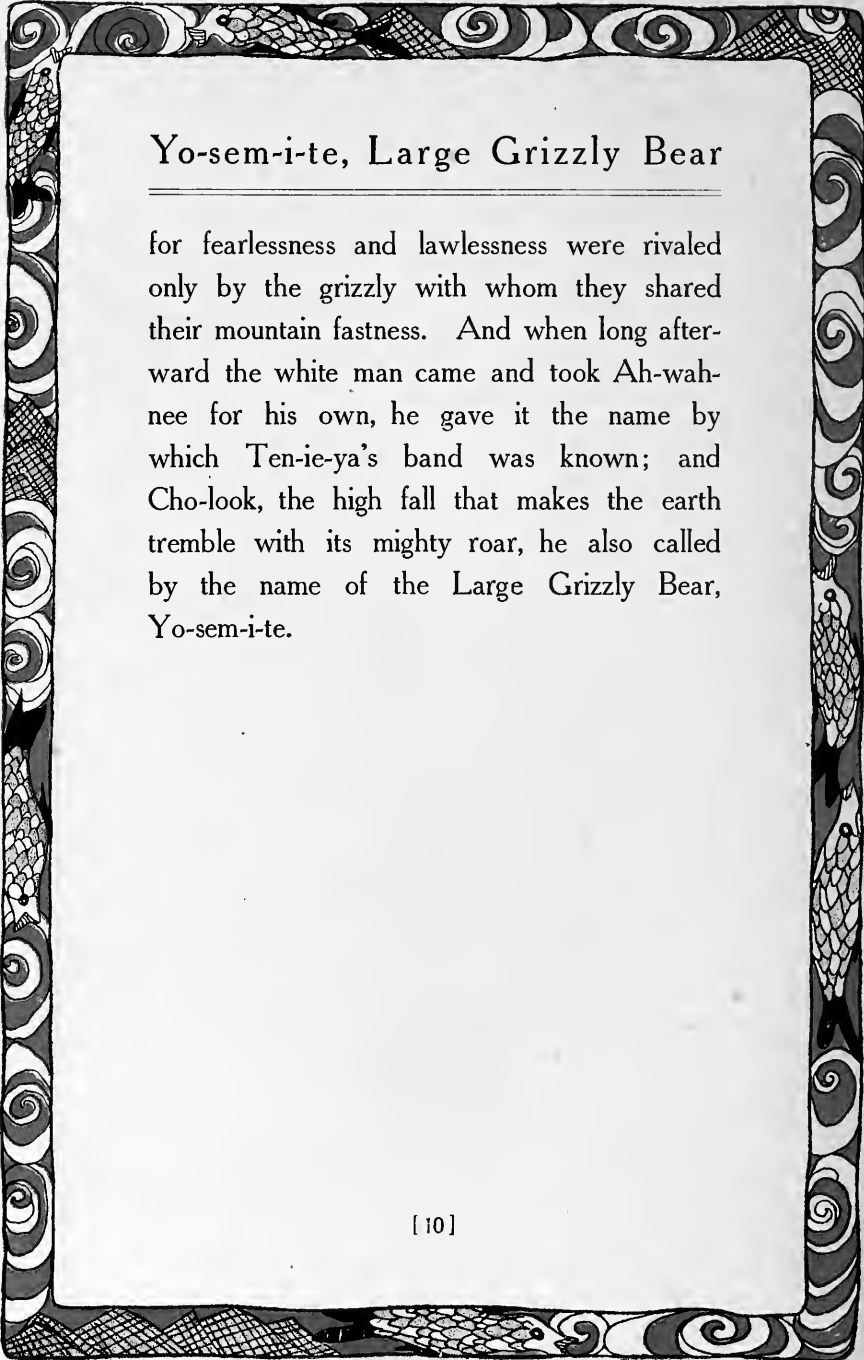
from the young chief's club and by the blood from the young chief's torn flesh, the grizzly struggled savagely. He, too, was driven by the law of his breed, the universal law of the forest, the law of Indian and grizzly alike,—which is to kill.

Such a battle could not last. With a low growl the crippled grizzly brought himself together and struck with the full force of his powerful arm. The blow fell short.

Urging his waning strength to one last effort, the Ah-wah-nee-chee raised his club high above his head and brought it down with a heavy, well-aimed stroke that crushed the grizzly's skull and sent him rolling among the boulders, dead.

That night as the Ah-wah-nee-chees feasted themselves on bear meat, the story of the young chief's bravery was told, and told again; and from that hour he was known as Yo-sem-i-te, the Large Grizzly Bear.

In time the name Yo-sem-i-te was given to all the tribe of Ah-wah-nee-chees, who



Yo-sem-i-te, Large Grizzly Bear

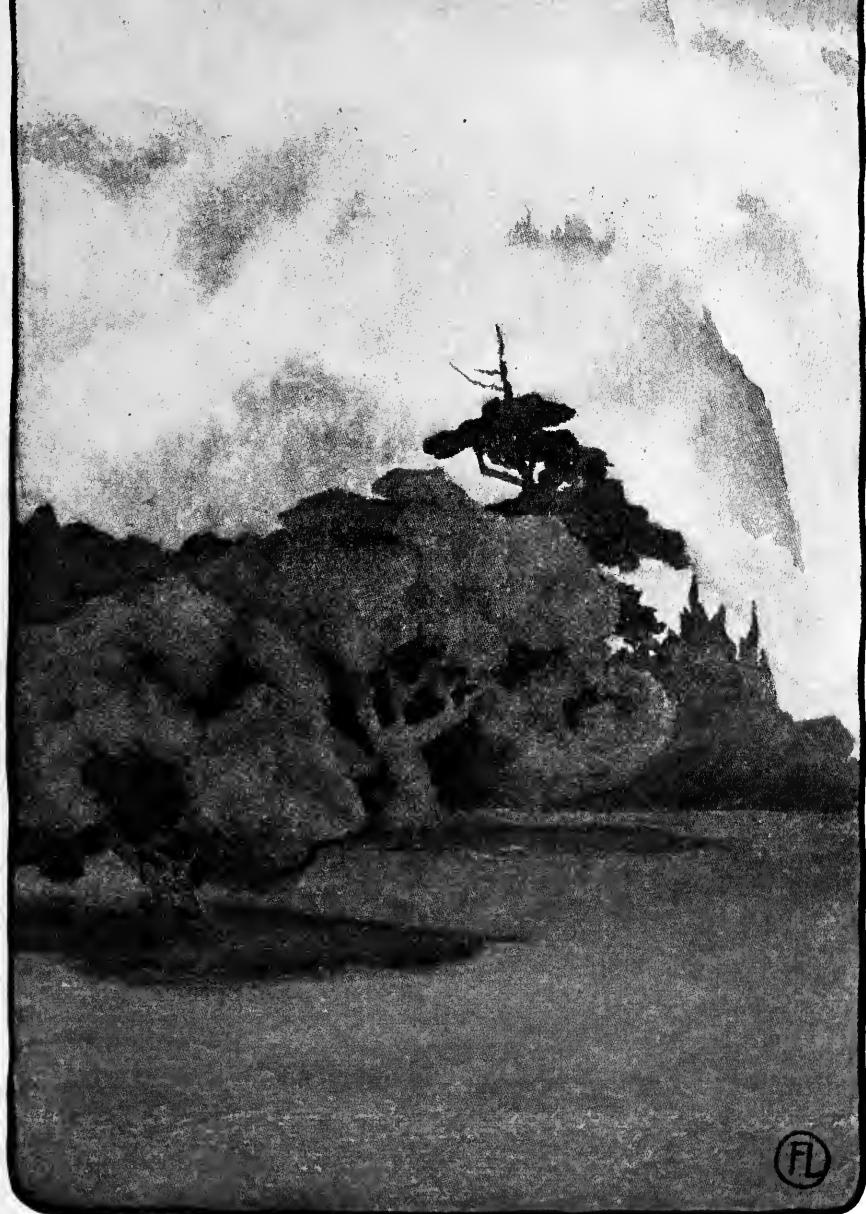
for fearlessness and lawlessness were rivaled only by the grizzly with whom they shared their mountain fastness. And when long afterward the white man came and took Ah-wah-nee for his own, he gave it the name by which Ten-ie-ya's band was known; and Cho-look, the high fall that makes the earth tremble with its mighty roar, he also called by the name of the Large Grizzly Bear, Yo-sem-i-te.

And this will be the first time that the
of the course (number) .

“And the oaks unfurl their soft green banners in welcome
of the coming summer.”

P O - H O - N O

SPIRIT OF THE EVIL WIND



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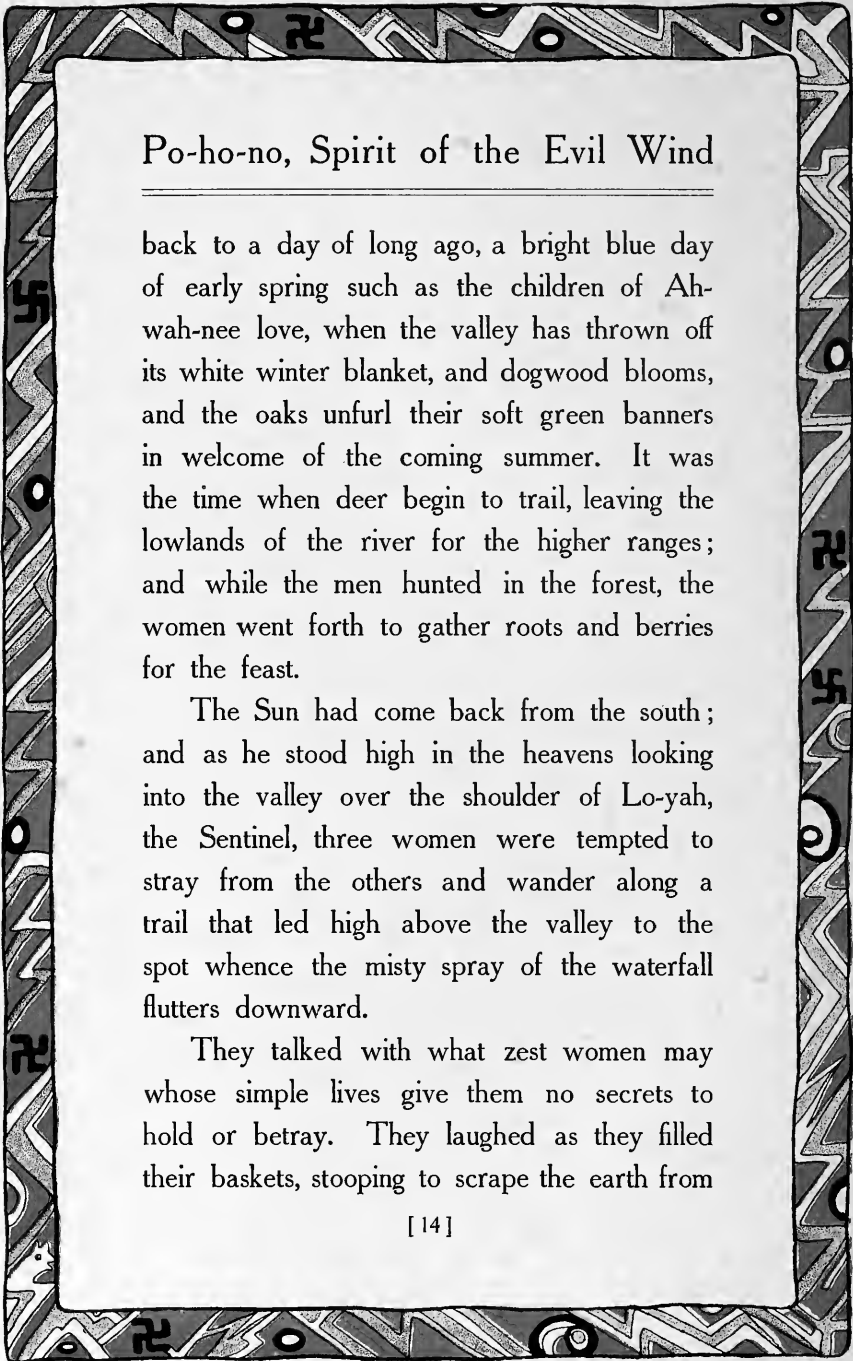
Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind

THE white man calls it Bridal Veil. To the Indian it is Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind.

The white man, in passing, pauses to watch the filmy cloud that hangs there like a thousand yards of tulle flung from the crest of the rocky precipice, wafted outward by the breeze that blows ever and always across the Bridal Veil Meadows. By the light of mid-afternoon the veil seems caught half-way with a clasp of bridal gems, seven-hued, evanescent; now glowing with color, now fading to clear white sun rays before the eye.

The Indian, if chance brings him near this waterfall, hurries on with face averted, a vague dread in his heart; for in the meshes of the Bridal Veil hides an eerie spirit, a mischievous, evil one—Po-ho-no. In the ripple of the water as it falls among the rocks, the Indian hears Po-ho-no's voice. In the tossing spray he sees the limp forms and waving arms of hapless victims lured by the voice to their destruction.

The Indian's mistrust of Po-ho-no dates



Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind

back to a day of long ago, a bright blue day of early spring such as the children of Ah-wah-nee love, when the valley has thrown off its white winter blanket, and dogwood blooms, and the oaks unfurl their soft green banners in welcome of the coming summer. It was the time when deer begin to trail, leaving the lowlands of the river for the higher ranges; and while the men hunted in the forest, the women went forth to gather roots and berries for the feast.

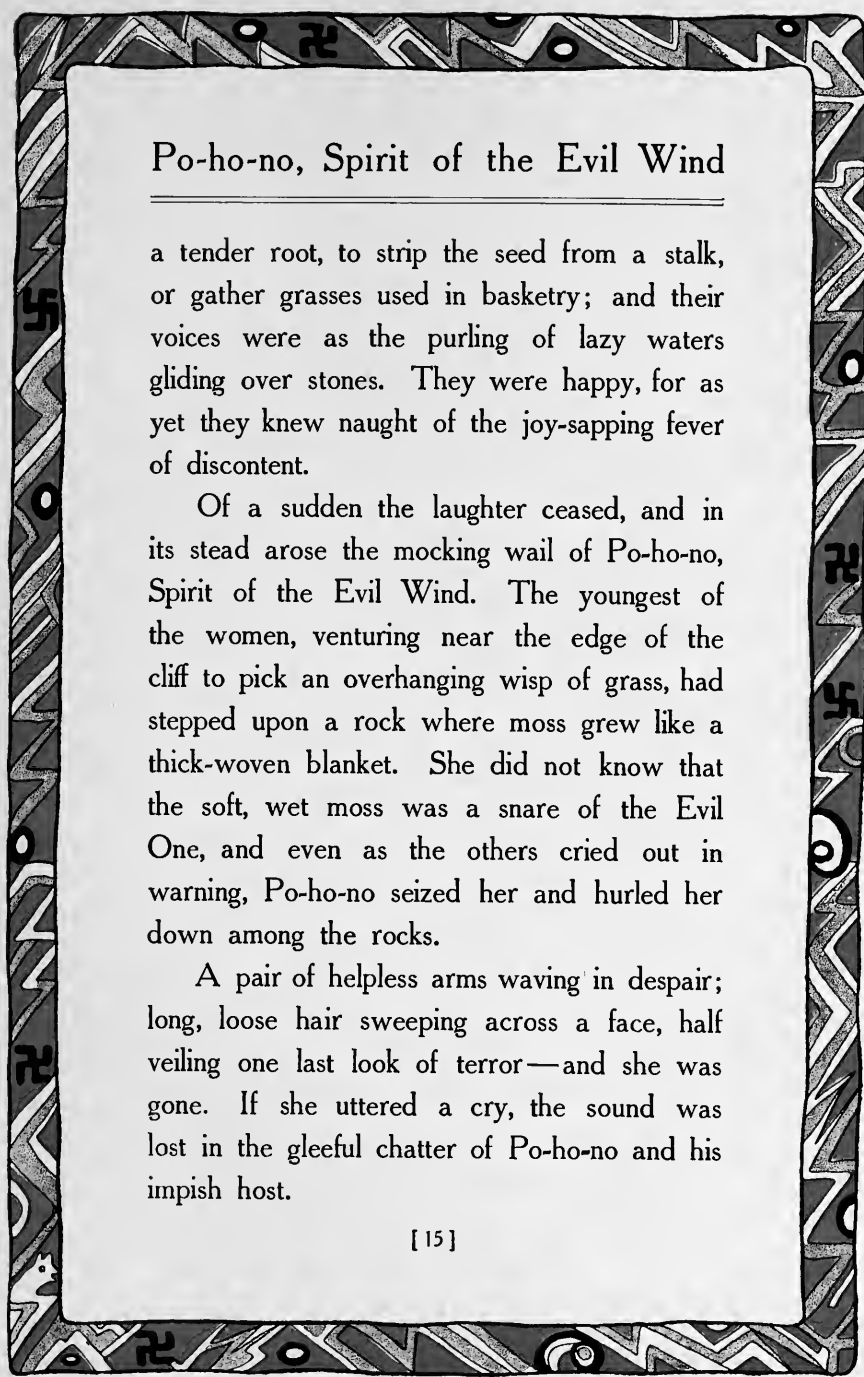
The Sun had come back from the south; and as he stood high in the heavens looking into the valley over the shoulder of Lo-yah, the Sentinel, three women were tempted to stray from the others and wander along a trail that led high above the valley to the spot whence the misty spray of the waterfall flutters downward.

They talked with what zest women may whose simple lives give them no secrets to hold or betray. They laughed as they filled their baskets, stooping to scrape the earth from

"For in the meshes of the Bridal Veil hides * * Po-ho-no."





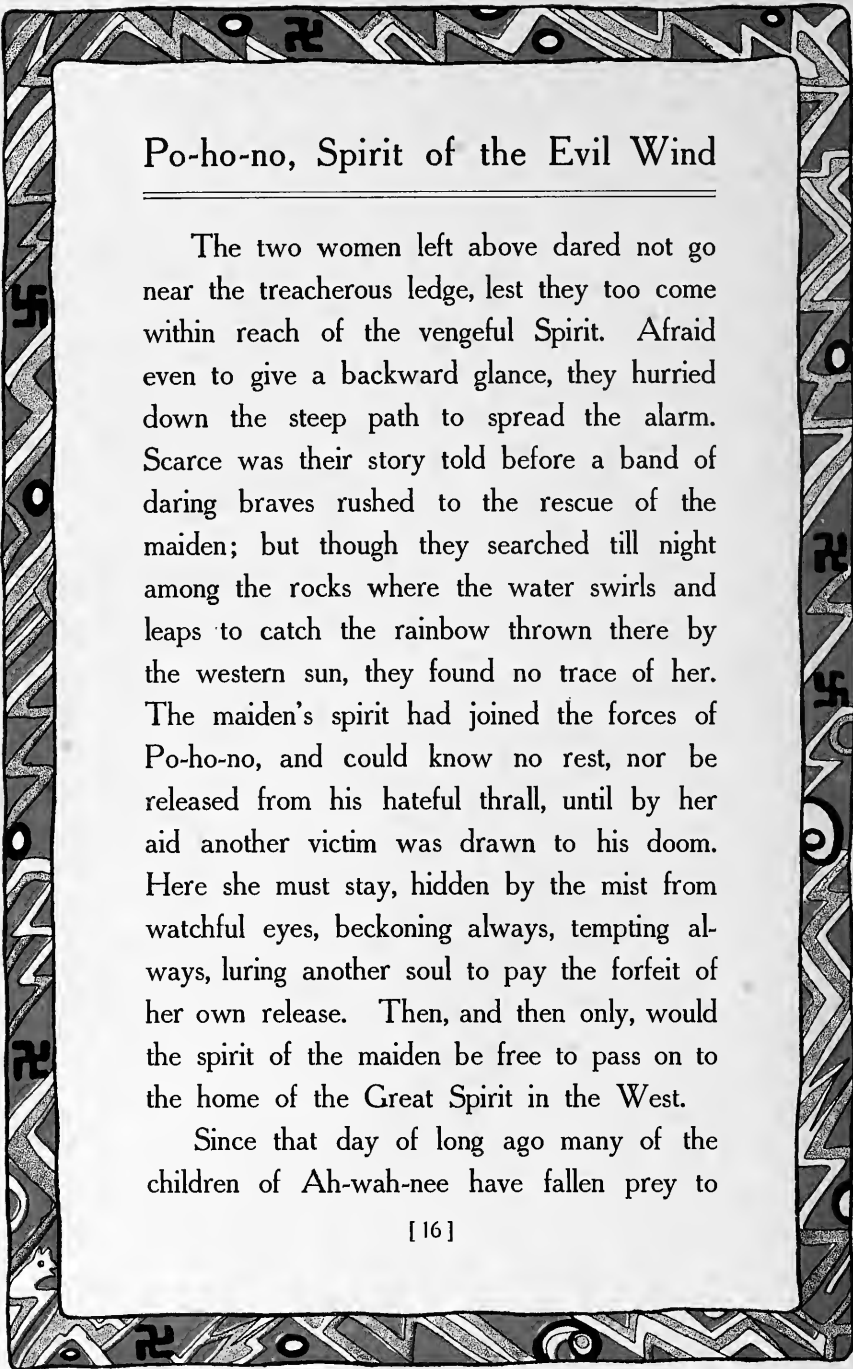
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Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind

a tender root, to strip the seed from a stalk, or gather grasses used in basketry; and their voices were as the purling of lazy waters gliding over stones. They were happy, for as yet they knew naught of the joy-sapping fever of discontent.

Of a sudden the laughter ceased, and in its stead arose the mocking wail of Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind. The youngest of the women, venturing near the edge of the cliff to pick an overhanging wisp of grass, had stepped upon a rock where moss grew like a thick-woven blanket. She did not know that the soft, wet moss was a snare of the Evil One, and even as the others cried out in warning, Po-ho-no seized her and hurled her down among the rocks.

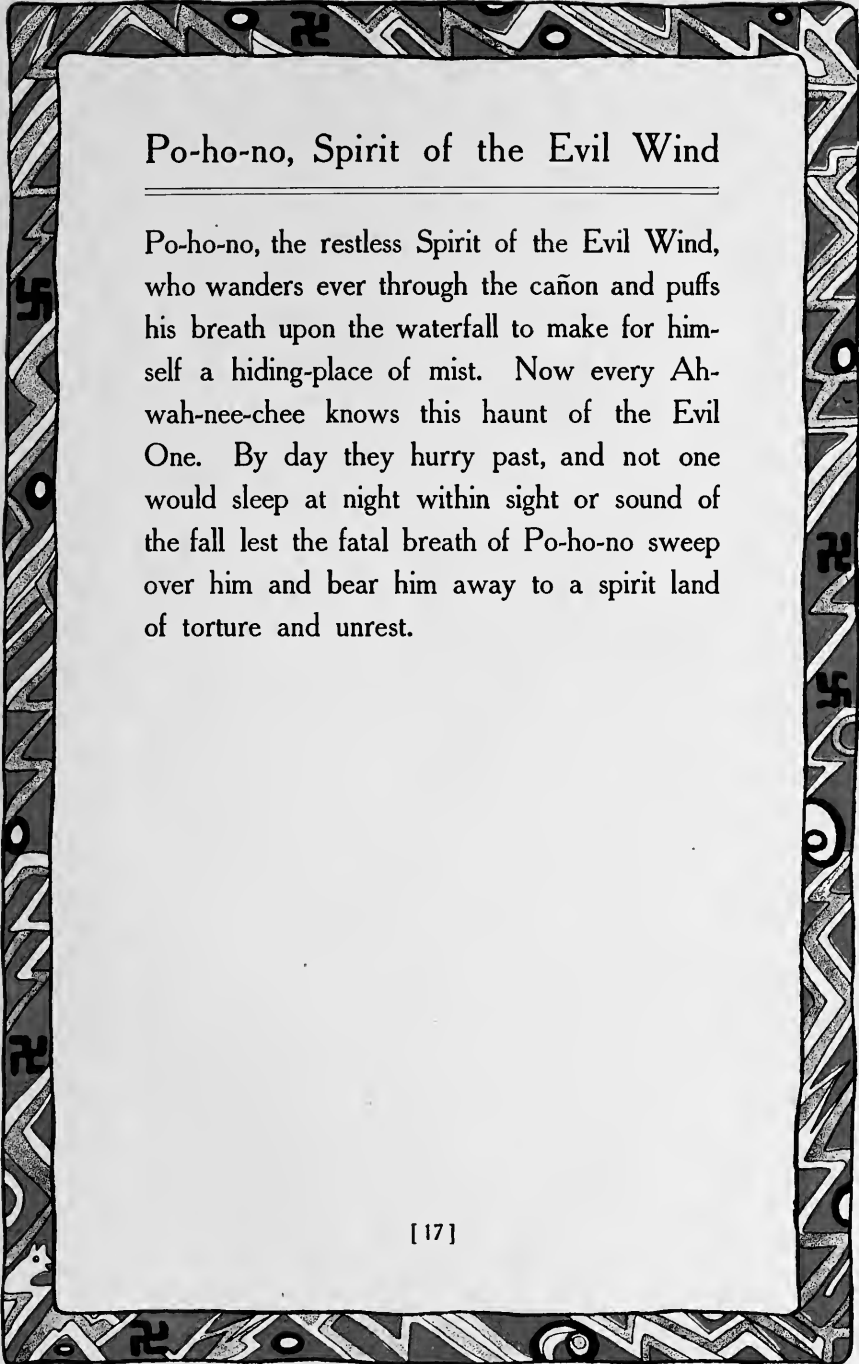
A pair of helpless arms waving in despair; long, loose hair sweeping across a face, half veiling one last look of terror—and she was gone. If she uttered a cry, the sound was lost in the gleeful chatter of Po-ho-no and his impish host.



Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind

The two women left above dared not go near the treacherous ledge, lest they too come within reach of the vengeful Spirit. Afraid even to give a backward glance, they hurried down the steep path to spread the alarm. Scarce was their story told before a band of daring braves rushed to the rescue of the maiden; but though they searched till night among the rocks where the water swirls and leaps to catch the rainbow thrown there by the western sun, they found no trace of her. The maiden's spirit had joined the forces of Po-ho-no, and could know no rest, nor be released from his hateful thrall, until by her aid another victim was drawn to his doom. Here she must stay, hidden by the mist from watchful eyes, beckoning always, tempting always, luring another soul to pay the forfeit of her own release. Then, and then only, would the spirit of the maiden be free to pass on to the home of the Great Spirit in the West.

Since that day of long ago many of the children of Ah-wah-nee have fallen prey to

A decorative border surrounds the text area, featuring a repeating pattern of geometric shapes (triangles, zig-zags, circles) and swastikas, a common motif in certain indigenous art styles.

Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind

Po-ho-no, the restless Spirit of the Evil Wind, who wanders ever through the cañon and puffs his breath upon the waterfall to make for himself a hiding-place of mist. Now every Ah-wah-nee-chee knows this haunt of the Evil One. By day they hurry past, and not one would sleep at night within sight or sound of the fall lest the fatal breath of Po-ho-no sweep over him and bear him away to a spirit land of torture and unrest.



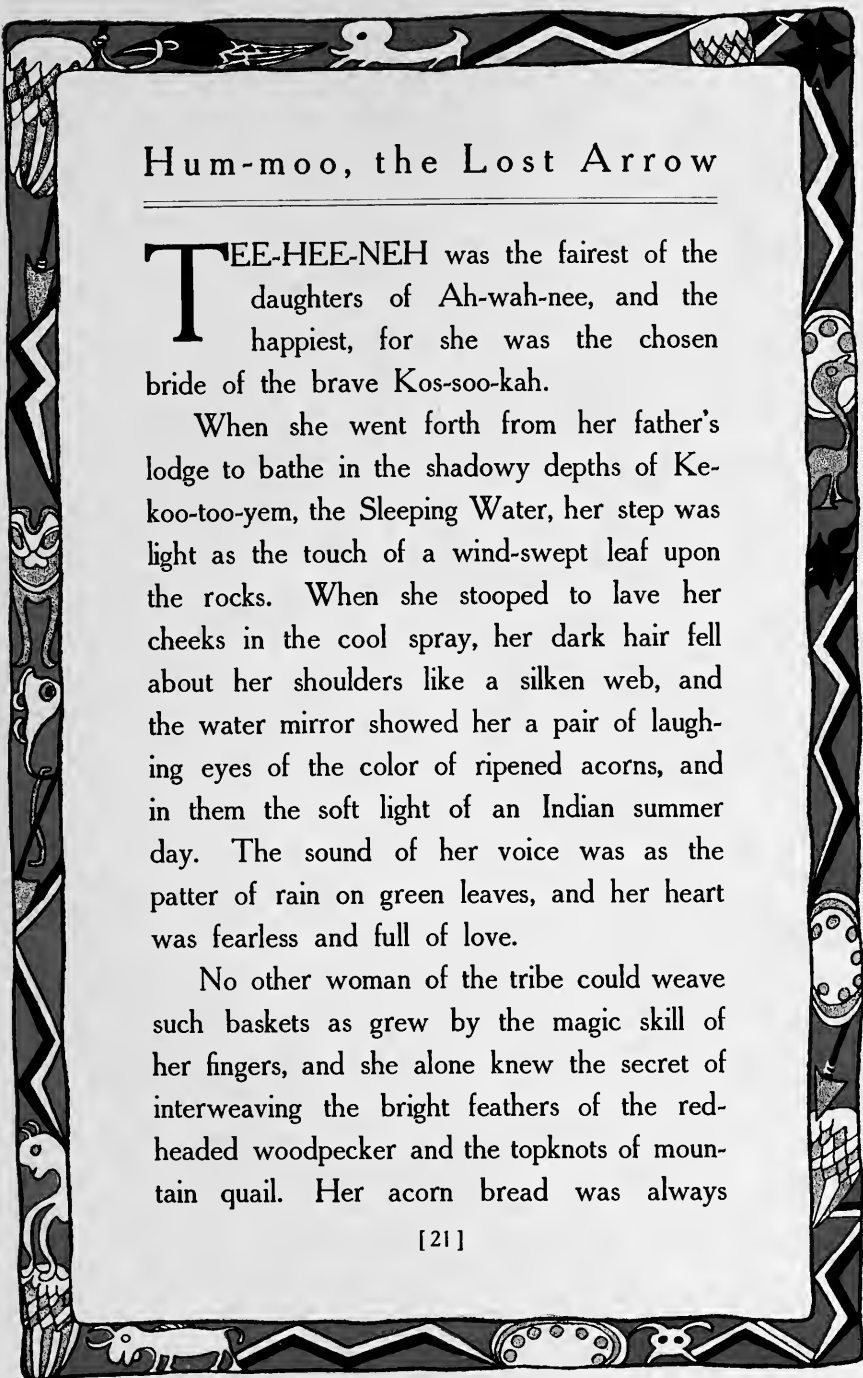
"In its stead they left a pointed rock lodged in the cliff.

"In its stead they left a pointed rock lodged in the cliff."

H U M - M O O
THE LOST ARROW





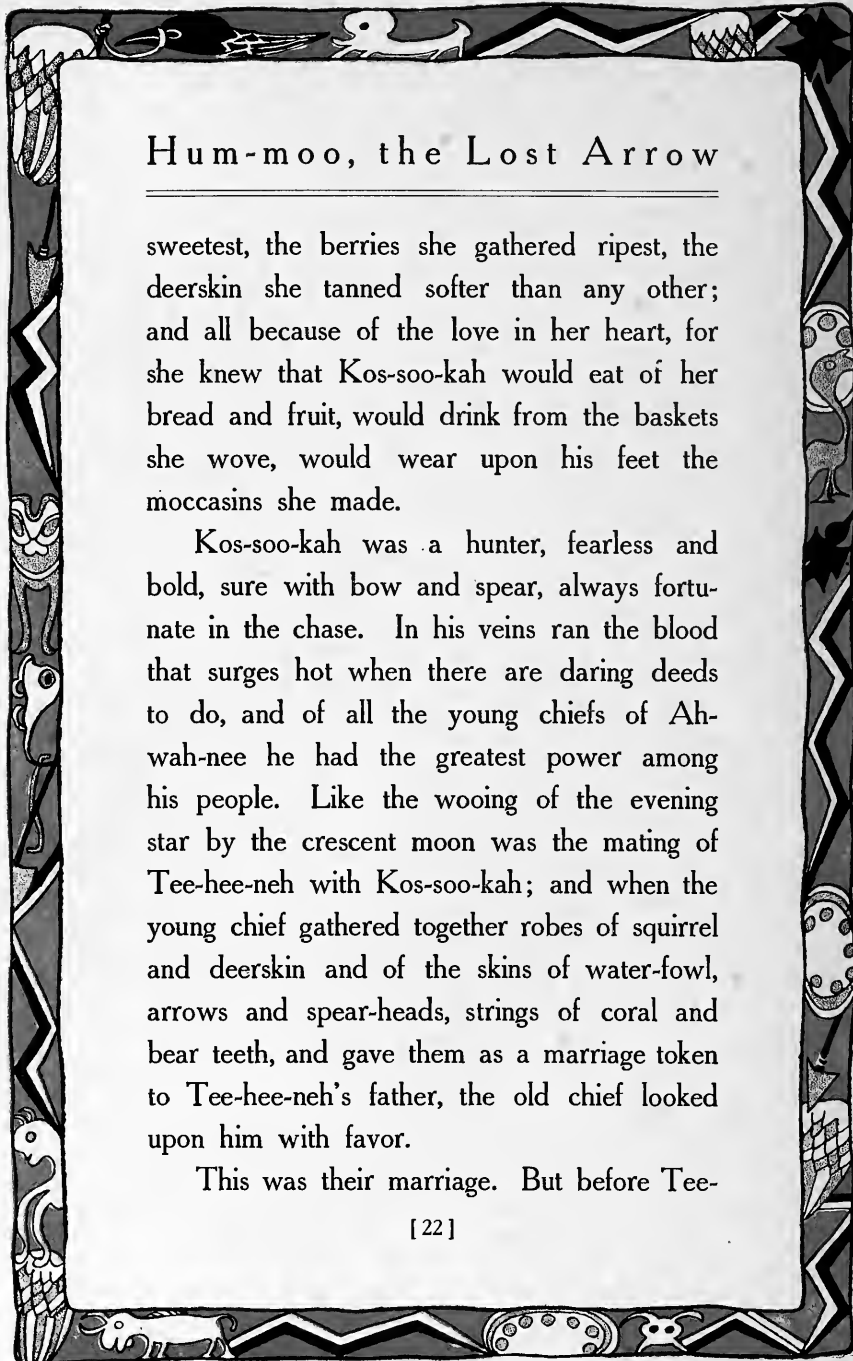


Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

TEE-HEE-NEH was the fairest of the daughters of Ah-wah-nee, and the happiest, for she was the chosen bride of the brave Kos-soo-kah.

When she went forth from her father's lodge to bathe in the shadowy depths of Kekoo-too-yem, the Sleeping Water, her step was light as the touch of a wind-swept leaf upon the rocks. When she stooped to lave her cheeks in the cool spray, her dark hair fell about her shoulders like a silken web, and the water mirror showed her a pair of laughing eyes of the color of ripened acorns, and in them the soft light of an Indian summer day. The sound of her voice was as the patter of rain on green leaves, and her heart was fearless and full of love.

No other woman of the tribe could weave such baskets as grew by the magic skill of her fingers, and she alone knew the secret of interweaving the bright feathers of the red-headed woodpecker and the topknots of mountain quail. Her acorn bread was always

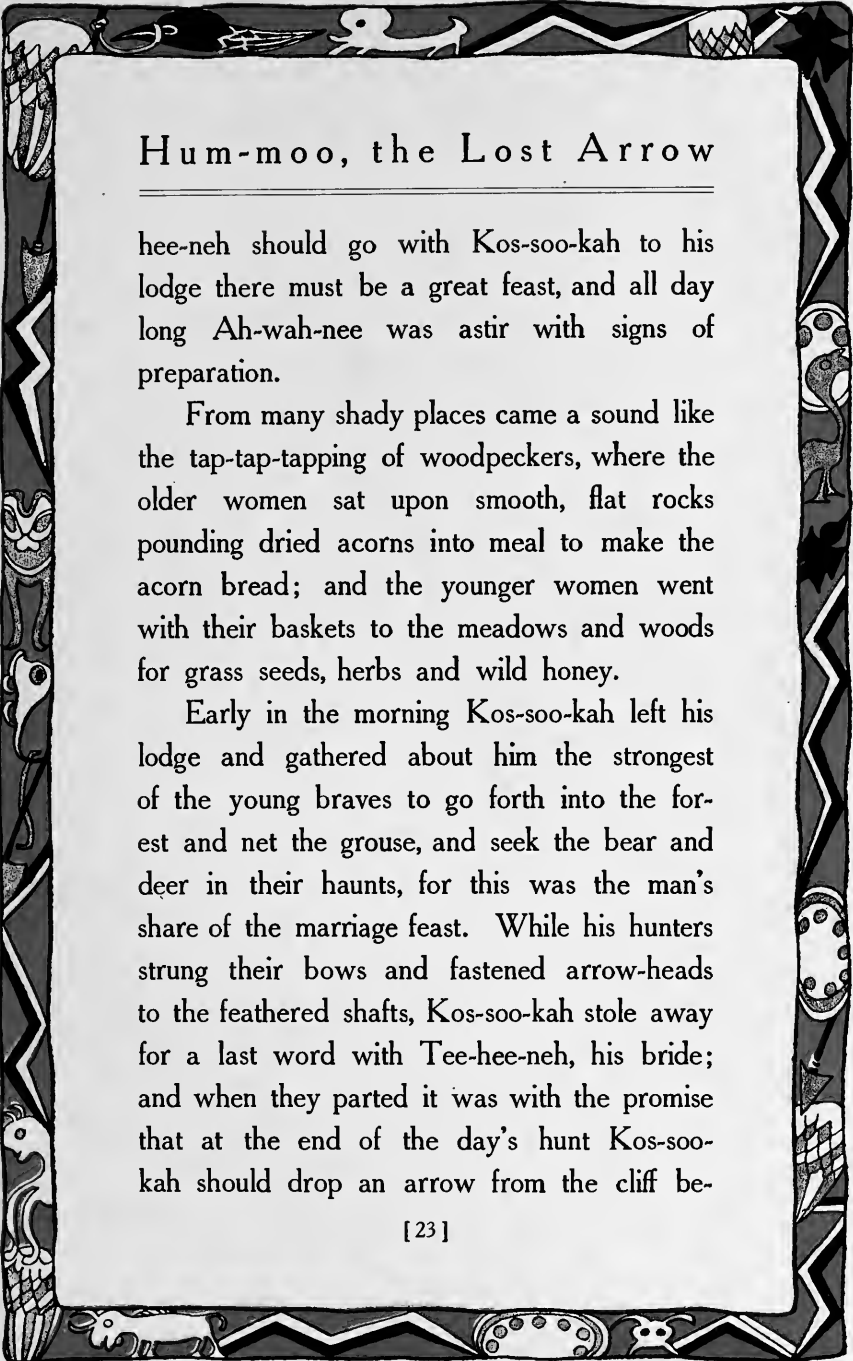


Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

sweetest, the berries she gathered ripest, the deerskin she tanned softer than any other; and all because of the love in her heart, for she knew that Kos-soo-kah would eat of her bread and fruit, would drink from the baskets she wove, would wear upon his feet the moccasins she made.

Kos-soo-kah was a hunter, fearless and bold, sure with bow and spear, always fortunate in the chase. In his veins ran the blood that surges hot when there are daring deeds to do, and of all the young chiefs of Ah-wah-nee he had the greatest power among his people. Like the wooing of the evening star by the crescent moon was the mating of Tee-hee-neh with Kos-soo-kah; and when the young chief gathered together robes of squirrel and deerskin and of the skins of water-fowl, arrows and spear-heads, strings of coral and bear teeth, and gave them as a marriage token to Tee-hee-neh's father, the old chief looked upon him with favor.

This was their marriage. But before Tee-

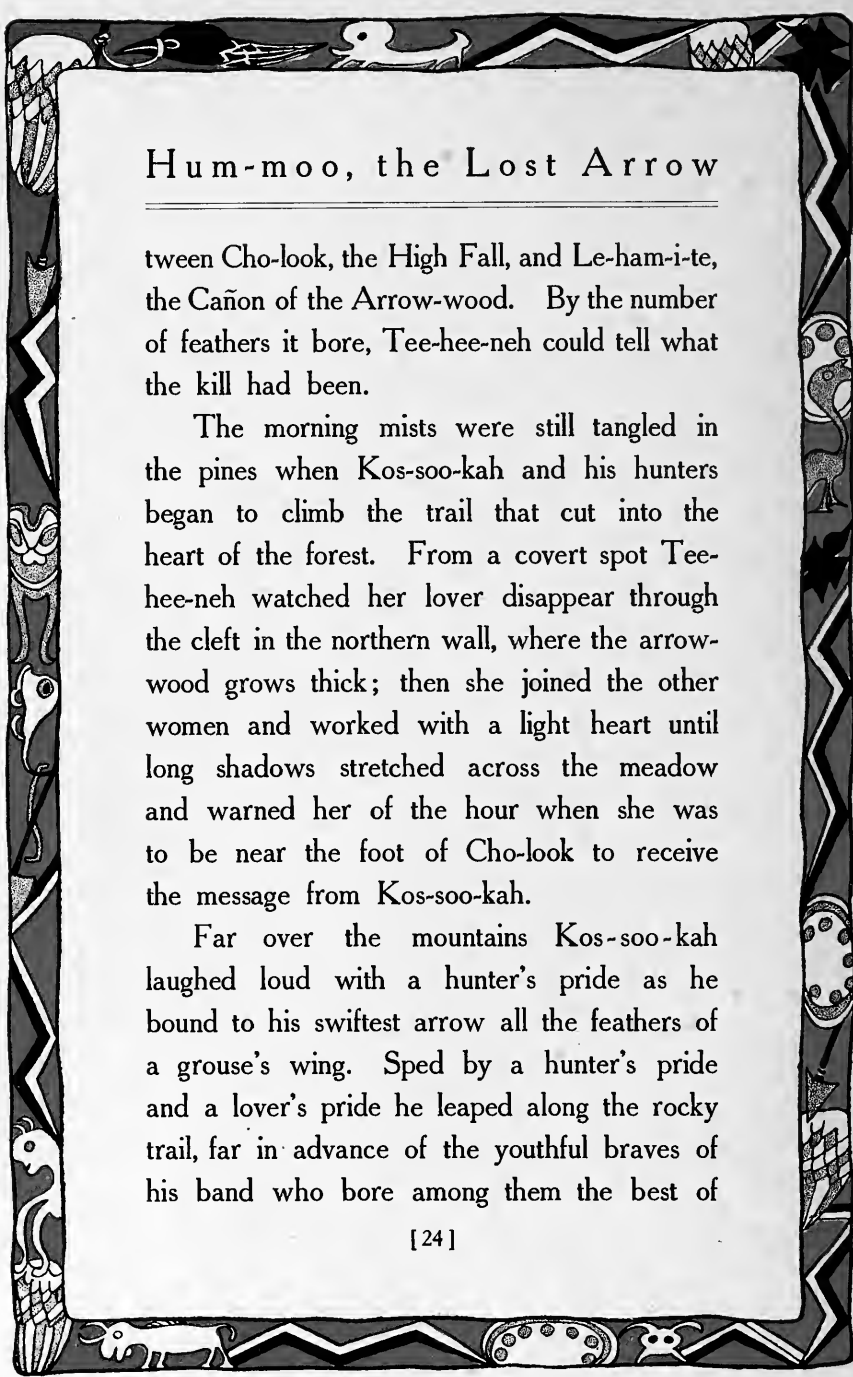


Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

hee-neh should go with Kos-soo-kah to his lodge there must be a great feast, and all day long Ah-wah-nee was astir with signs of preparation.

From many shady places came a sound like the tap-tap-tapping of woodpeckers, where the older women sat upon smooth, flat rocks pounding dried acorns into meal to make the acorn bread; and the younger women went with their baskets to the meadows and woods for grass seeds, herbs and wild honey.

Early in the morning Kos-soo-kah left his lodge and gathered about him the strongest of the young braves to go forth into the forest and net the grouse, and seek the bear and deer in their haunts, for this was the man's share of the marriage feast. While his hunters strung their bows and fastened arrow-heads to the feathered shafts, Kos-soo-kah stole away for a last word with Tee-hee-neh, his bride; and when they parted it was with the promise that at the end of the day's hunt Kos-soo-kah should drop an arrow from the cliff be-

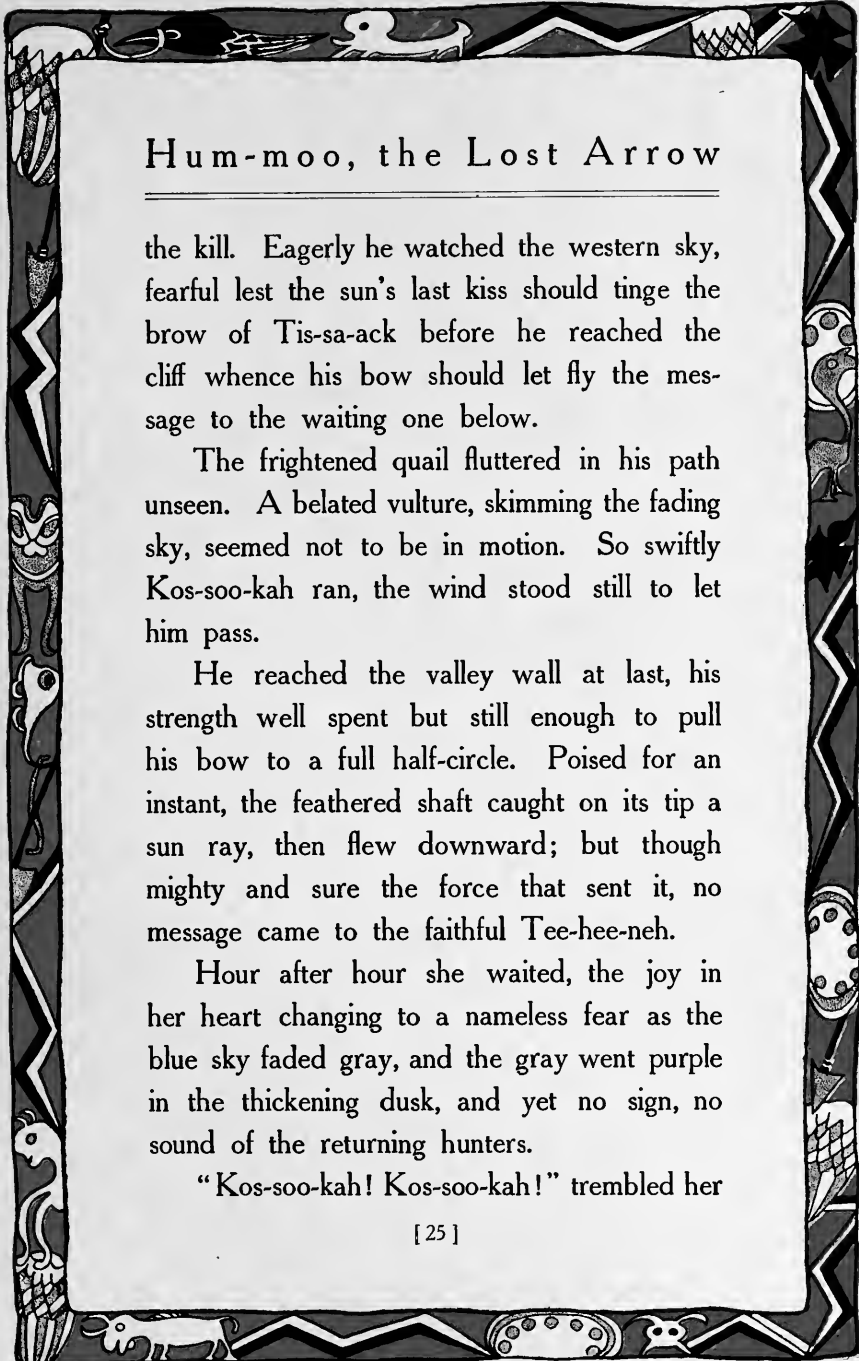


Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

tween Cho-look, the High Fall, and Le-ham-i-te, the Cañon of the Arrow-wood. By the number of feathers it bore, Tee-hee-neh could tell what the kill had been.

The morning mists were still tangled in the pines when Kos-soo-kah and his hunters began to climb the trail that cut into the heart of the forest. From a covert spot Tee-hee-neh watched her lover disappear through the cleft in the northern wall, where the arrow-wood grows thick; then she joined the other women and worked with a light heart until long shadows stretched across the meadow and warned her of the hour when she was to be near the foot of Cho-look to receive the message from Kos-soo-kah.

Far over the mountains Kos-soo-kah laughed loud with a hunter's pride as he bound to his swiftest arrow all the feathers of a grouse's wing. Sped by a hunter's pride and a lover's pride he leaped along the rocky trail, far in advance of the youthful braves of his band who bore among them the best of



Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

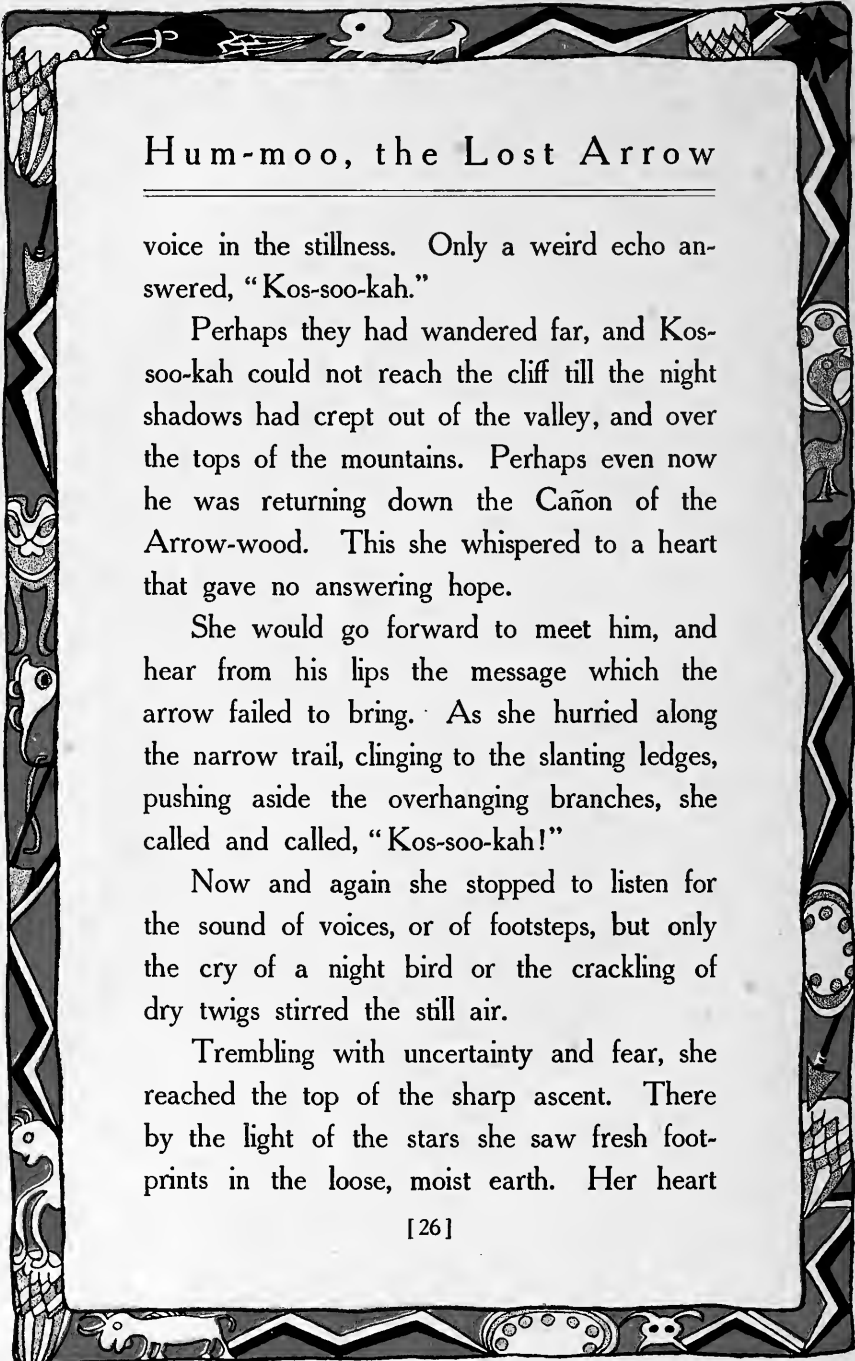
the kill. Eagerly he watched the western sky, fearful lest the sun's last kiss should tinge the brow of Tis-sa-ack before he reached the cliff whence his bow should let fly the message to the waiting one below.

The frightened quail fluttered in his path unseen. A belated vulture, skimming the fading sky, seemed not to be in motion. So swiftly Kos-soo-kah ran, the wind stood still to let him pass.

He reached the valley wall at last, his strength well spent but still enough to pull his bow to a full half-circle. Poised for an instant, the feathered shaft caught on its tip a sun ray, then flew downward; but though mighty and sure the force that sent it, no message came to the faithful Tee-hee-neh.

Hour after hour she waited, the joy in her heart changing to a nameless fear as the blue sky faded gray, and the gray went purple in the thickening dusk, and yet no sign, no sound of the returning hunters.

"Kos-soo-kah! Kos-soo-kah!" trembled her



Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

voice in the stillness. Only a weird echo answered, "Kos-soo-kah."

Perhaps they had wandered far, and Kos-soo-kah could not reach the cliff till the night shadows had crept out of the valley, and over the tops of the mountains. Perhaps even now he was returning down the Cañon of the Arrow-wood. This she whispered to a heart that gave no answering hope.

She would go forward to meet him, and hear from his lips the message which the arrow failed to bring. As she hurried along the narrow trail, clinging to the slanting ledges, pushing aside the overhanging branches, she called and called, "Kos-soo-kah!"

Now and again she stopped to listen for the sound of voices, or of footsteps, but only the cry of a night bird or the crackling of dry twigs stirred the still air.

Trembling with uncertainty and fear, she reached the top of the sharp ascent. There by the light of the stars she saw fresh footprints in the loose, moist earth. Her heart

"Grouching there * * the called again, 'Koo-oo-kshu!'"

"Crouching there * * she called again, 'Kos-soo-kah!'"







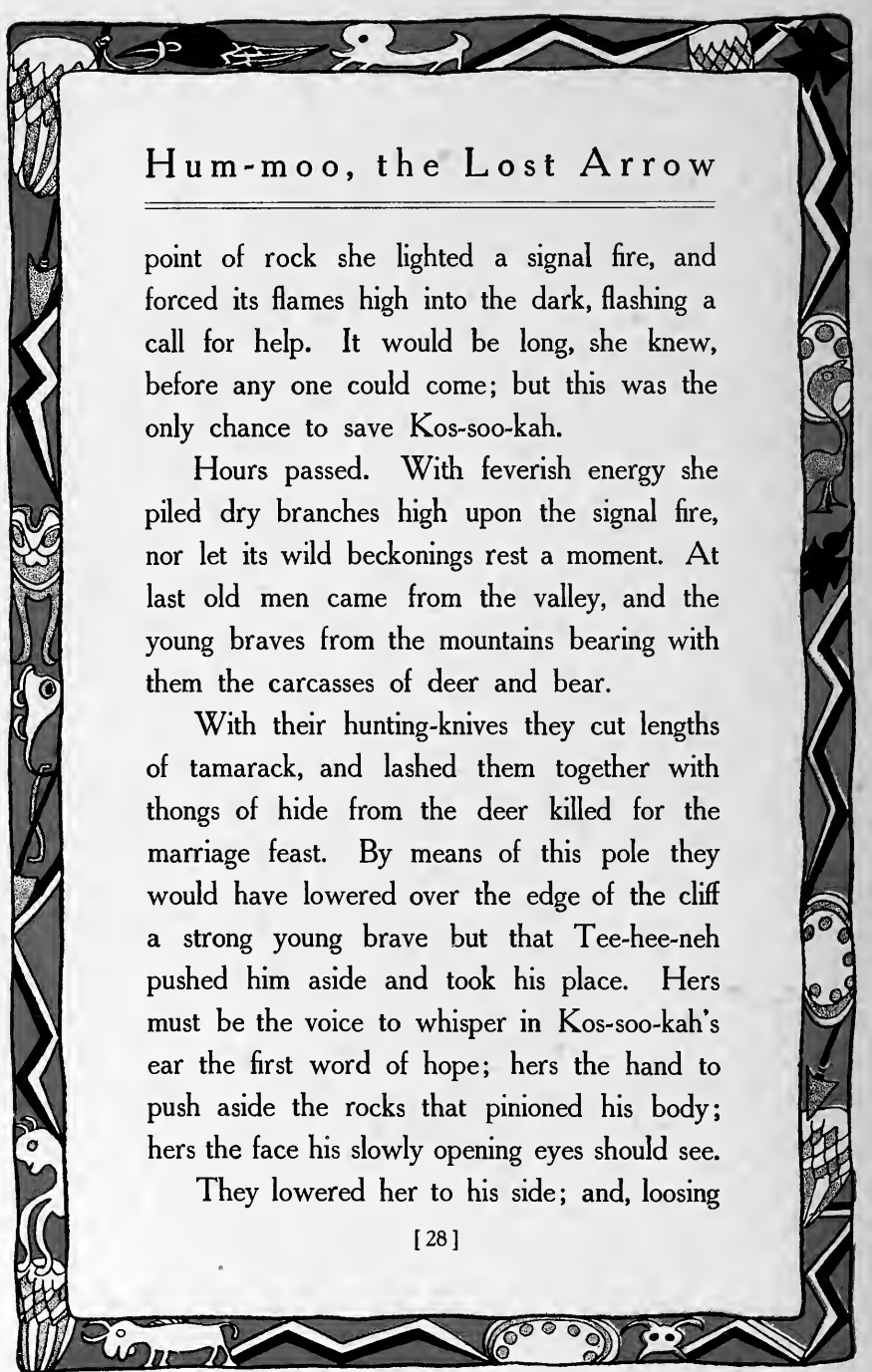
Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

told her they were his; her quick eye told her they went toward the cliff, but did not return. Crouching there beside them, she called again, "Kos-soo-kah!" Not even an echo answered the despairing cry.

Slowly she crept forward, following the fresh trail to the edge of the wall. She leaned far over, and there on a mound of fallen rock lay her lover, motionless, nor answering her call. Tight in his grasp was the spent bow, the sign of a promise kept.

As she looked, there came again to Tee-hee-neh's mind the dull roar of rending rock, the low moan of falling earth, that ran through the valley at the sunset hour. Now she knew that as Kos-soo-kah drew his bow to speed the messenger of love, the ground beneath his feet had given way, carrying him with the fatal avalanche.

The girl's heart no longer beat fast with fear. It seemed not to beat at all. But there was no time for grief,—perhaps Kos-soo-kah had not ceased to breathe. On the topmost



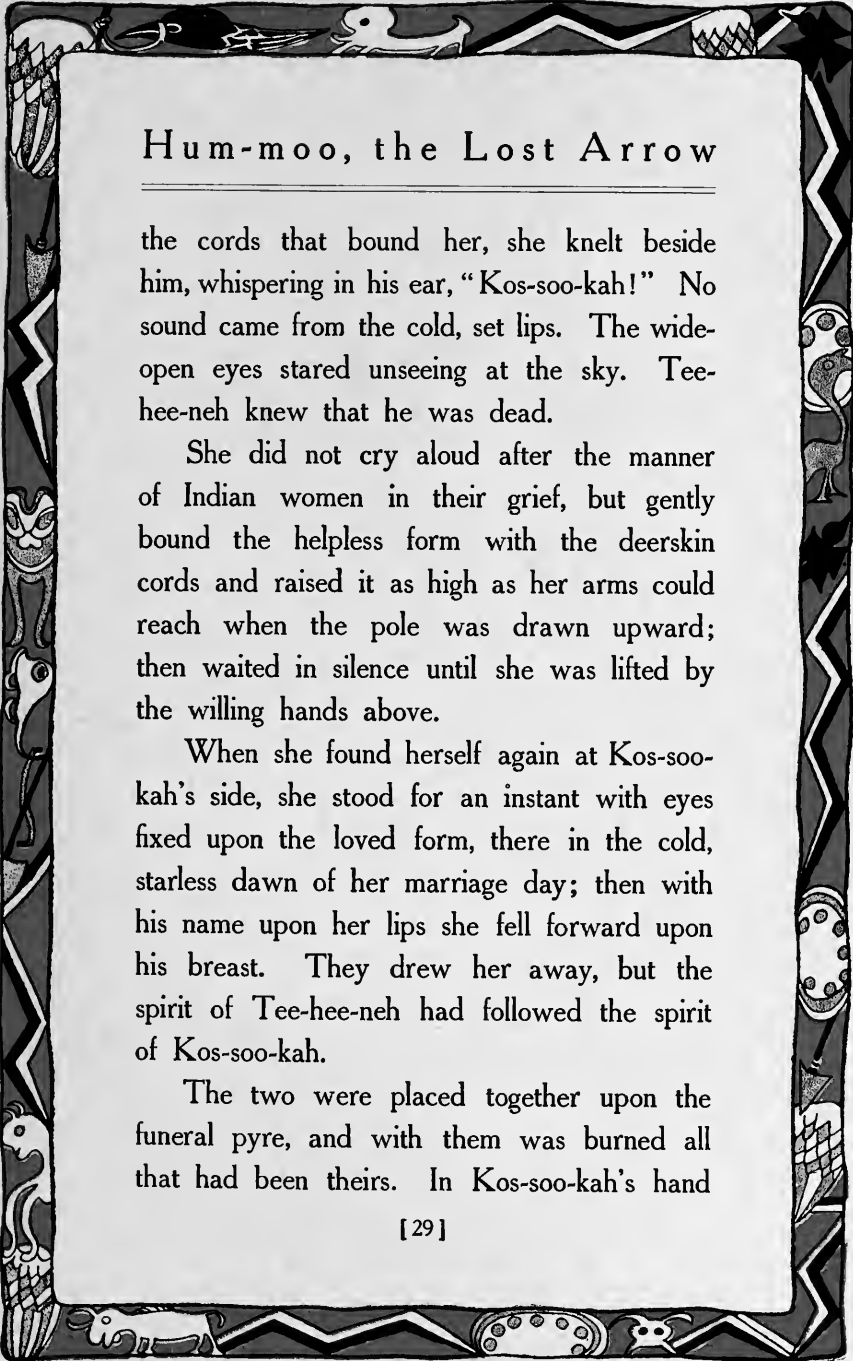
Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

point of rock she lighted a signal fire, and forced its flames high into the dark, flashing a call for help. It would be long, she knew, before any one could come; but this was the only chance to save Kos-soo-kah.

Hours passed. With feverish energy she piled dry branches high upon the signal fire, nor let its wild beckonings rest a moment. At last old men came from the valley, and the young braves from the mountains bearing with them the carcasses of deer and bear.

With their hunting-knives they cut lengths of tamarack, and lashed them together with thongs of hide from the deer killed for the marriage feast. By means of this pole they would have lowered over the edge of the cliff a strong young brave but that Tee-hee-neh pushed him aside and took his place. Hers must be the voice to whisper in Kos-soo-kah's ear the first word of hope; hers the hand to push aside the rocks that pinioned his body; hers the face his slowly opening eyes should see.

They lowered her to his side; and, loosing



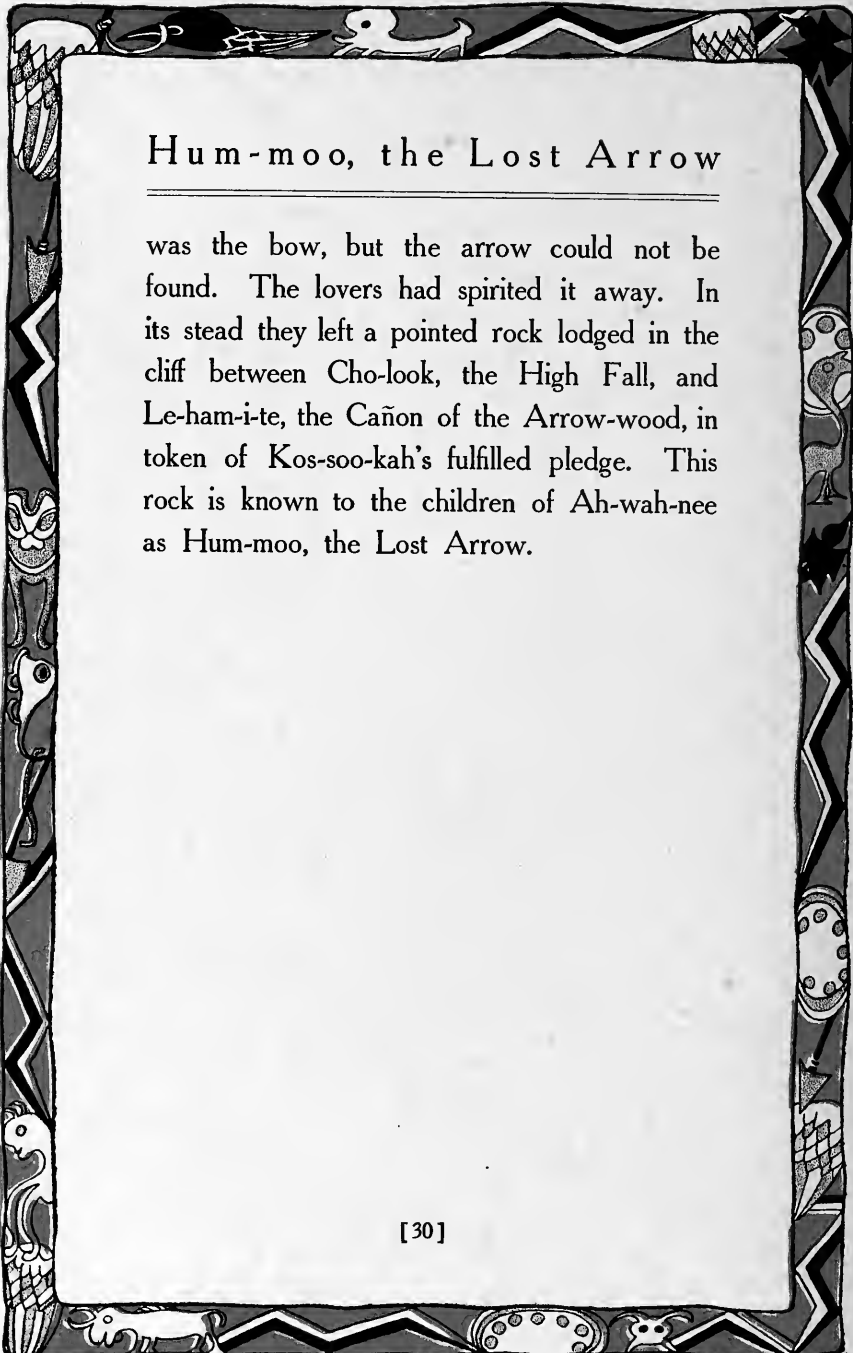
Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

the cords that bound her, she knelt beside him, whispering in his ear, "Kos-soo-kah!" No sound came from the cold, set lips. The wide-open eyes stared unseeing at the sky. Tee-hee-neh knew that he was dead.

She did not cry aloud after the manner of Indian women in their grief, but gently bound the helpless form with the deerskin cords and raised it as high as her arms could reach when the pole was drawn upward; then waited in silence until she was lifted by the willing hands above.

When she found herself again at Kos-soo-kah's side, she stood for an instant with eyes fixed upon the loved form, there in the cold, starless dawn of her marriage day; then with his name upon her lips she fell forward upon his breast. They drew her away, but the spirit of Tee-hee-neh had followed the spirit of Kos-soo-kah.

The two were placed together upon the funeral pyre, and with them was burned all that had been theirs. In Kos-soo-kah's hand



Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow

was the bow, but the arrow could not be found. The lovers had spirited it away. In its stead they left a pointed rock lodged in the cliff between Cho-look, the High Fall, and Le-ham-i-te, the Cañon of the Arrow-wood, in token of Kos-soo-kah's fulfilled pledge. This rock is known to the children of Ah-wah-nee as Hum-moo, the Lost Arrow.

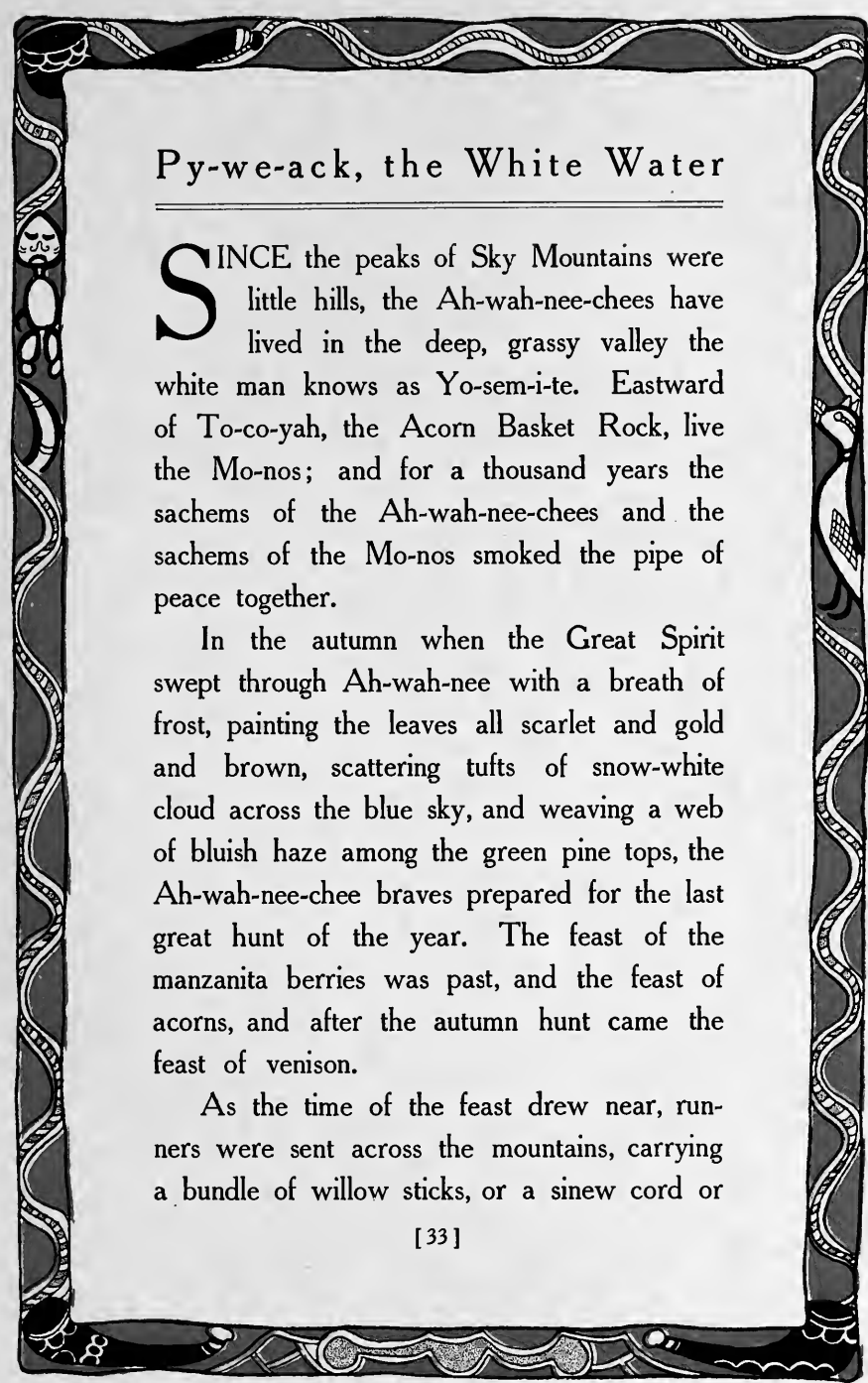
"We'll be back again soon."

"The moon floated high above Cloud's Rest."

PY - W E - A - K
THE WHITE W W R





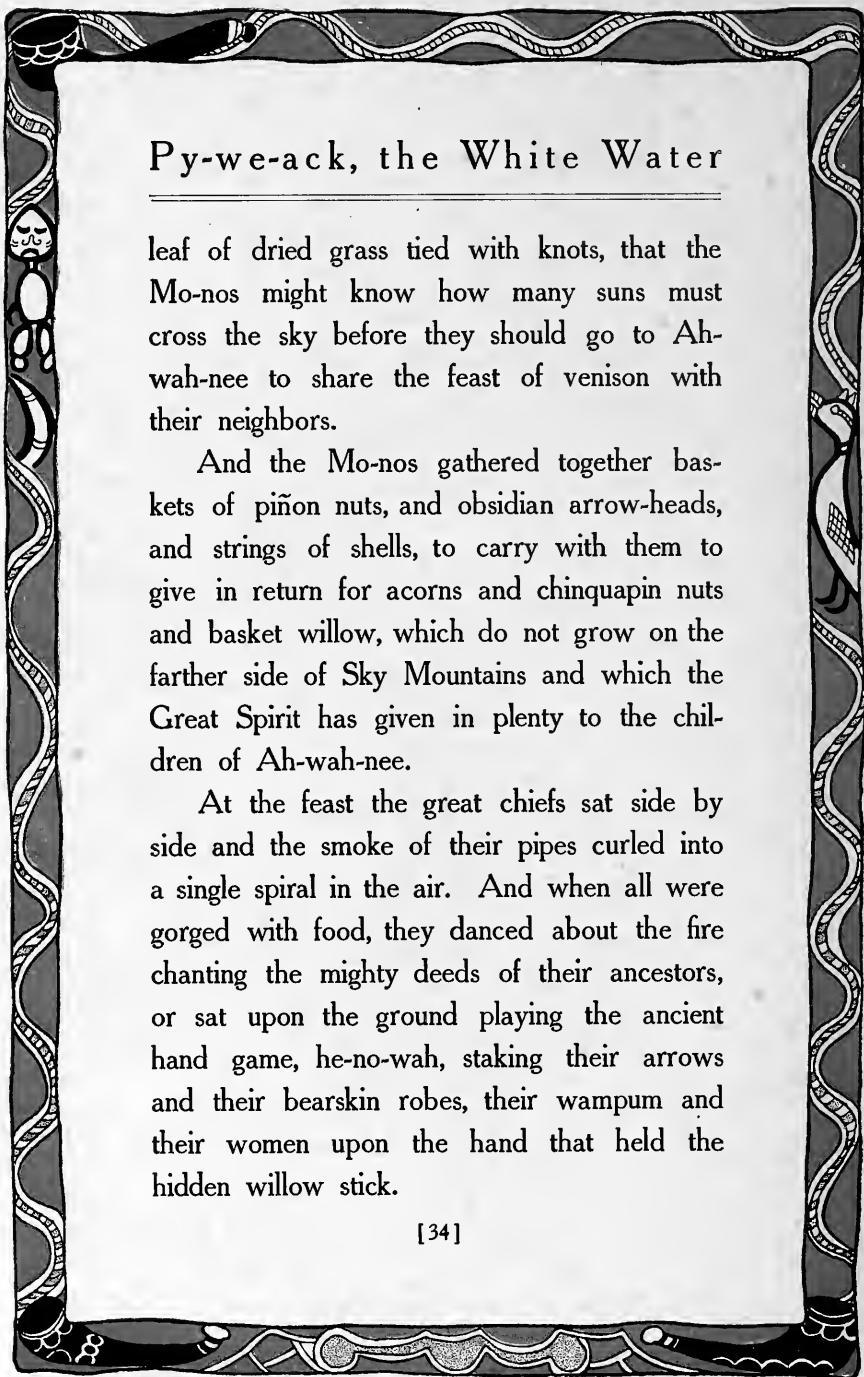


Py-we-ack, the White Water

SINCE the peaks of Sky Mountains were little hills, the Ah-wah-nee-chees have lived in the deep, grassy valley the white man knows as Yo-sem-i-te. Eastward of To-co-yah, the Acorn Basket Rock, live the Mo-nos; and for a thousand years the sachems of the Ah-wah-nee-chees and the sachems of the Mo-nos smoked the pipe of peace together.

In the autumn when the Great Spirit swept through Ah-wah-nee with a breath of frost, painting the leaves all scarlet and gold and brown, scattering tufts of snow-white cloud across the blue sky, and weaving a web of bluish haze among the green pine tops, the Ah-wah-nee-chee braves prepared for the last great hunt of the year. The feast of the manzanita berries was past, and the feast of acorns, and after the autumn hunt came the feast of venison.

As the time of the feast drew near, runners were sent across the mountains, carrying a bundle of willow sticks, or a sinew cord or

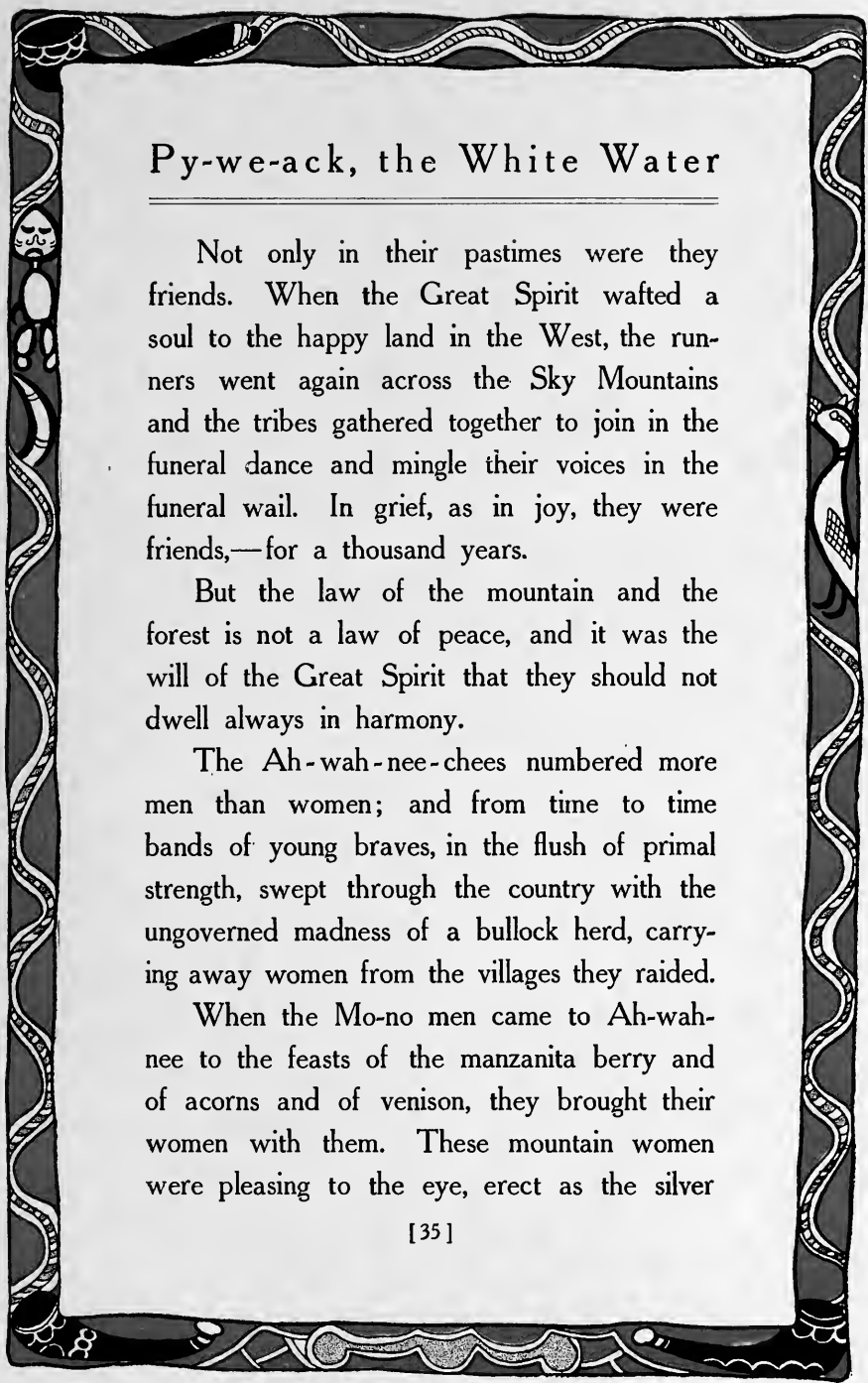


Py-we-ack, the White Water

leaf of dried grass tied with knots, that the Mo-nos might know how many suns must cross the sky before they should go to Ah-wah-nee to share the feast of venison with their neighbors.

And the Mo-nos gathered together baskets of piñon nuts, and obsidian arrow-heads, and strings of shells, to carry with them to give in return for acorns and chinquapin nuts and basket willow, which do not grow on the farther side of Sky Mountains and which the Great Spirit has given in plenty to the children of Ah-wah-nee.

At the feast the great chiefs sat side by side and the smoke of their pipes curled into a single spiral in the air. And when all were gorged with food, they danced about the fire chanting the mighty deeds of their ancestors, or sat upon the ground playing the ancient hand game, he-no-wah, staking their arrows and their bearskin robes, their wampum and their women upon the hand that held the hidden willow stick.



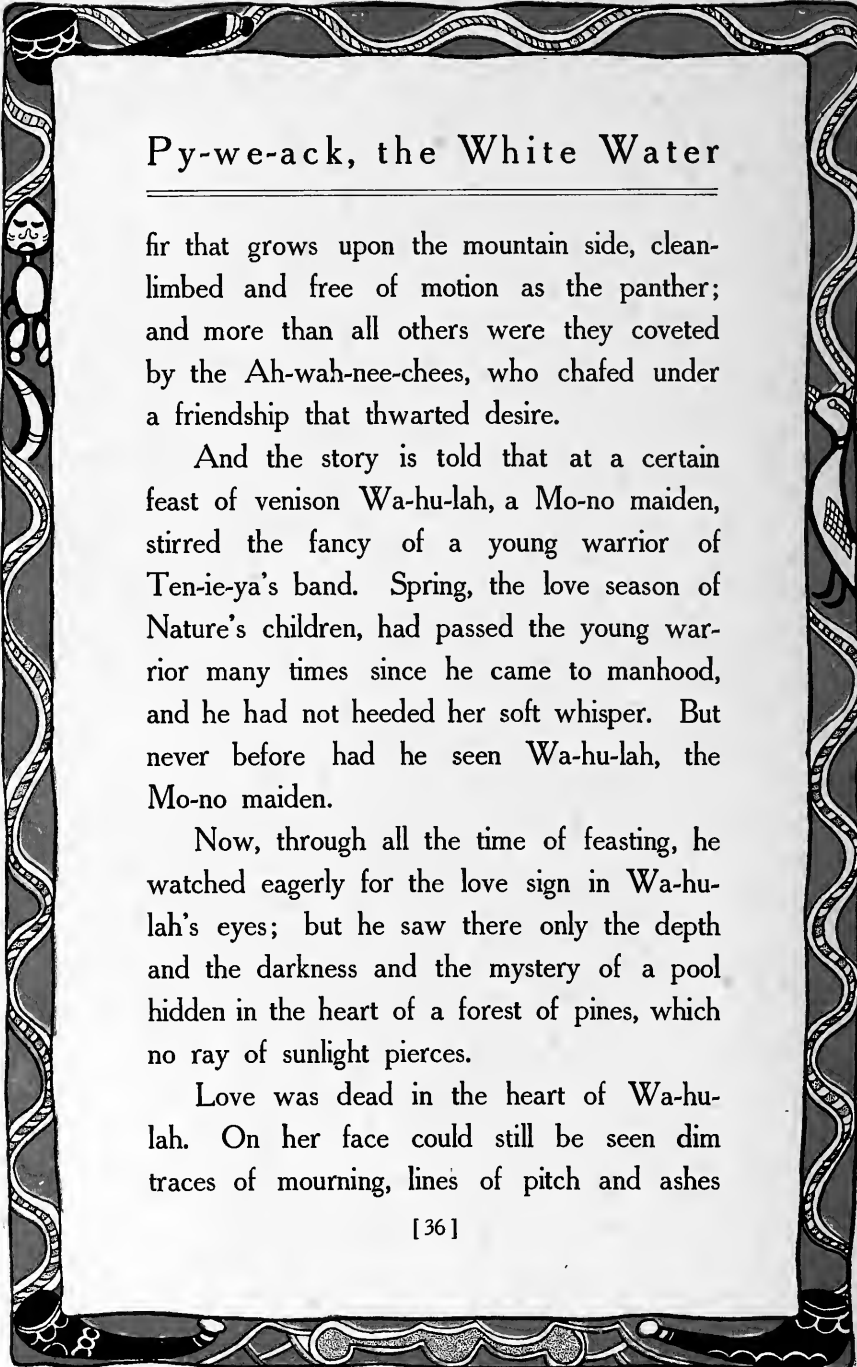
Py-we-ack, the White Water

Not only in their pastimes were they friends. When the Great Spirit wafted a soul to the happy land in the West, the runners went again across the Sky Mountains and the tribes gathered together to join in the funeral dance and mingle their voices in the funeral wail. In grief, as in joy, they were friends,—for a thousand years.

But the law of the mountain and the forest is not a law of peace, and it was the will of the Great Spirit that they should not dwell always in harmony.

The Ah-wah-nee-chees numbered more men than women; and from time to time bands of young braves, in the flush of primal strength, swept through the country with the ungoverned madness of a bullock herd, carrying away women from the villages they raided.

When the Mo-no men came to Ah-wah-nee to the feasts of the manzanita berry and of acorns and of venison, they brought their women with them. These mountain women were pleasing to the eye, erect as the silver



Py-we-ack, the White Water

fir that grows upon the mountain side, clean-limbed and free of motion as the panther; and more than all others were they coveted by the Ah-wah-nee-chees, who chafed under a friendship that thwarted desire.

And the story is told that at a certain feast of venison Wa-hu-lah, a Mo-no maiden, stirred the fancy of a young warrior of Ten-ie-ya's band. Spring, the love season of Nature's children, had passed the young warrior many times since he came to manhood, and he had not heeded her soft whisper. But never before had he seen Wa-hu-lah, the Mo-no maiden.

Now, through all the time of feasting, he watched eagerly for the love sign in Wa-hu-lah's eyes; but he saw there only the depth and the darkness and the mystery of a pool hidden in the heart of a forest of pines, which no ray of sunlight pierces.

Love was dead in the heart of Wa-hu-lah. On her face could still be seen dim traces of mourning, lines of pitch and ashes

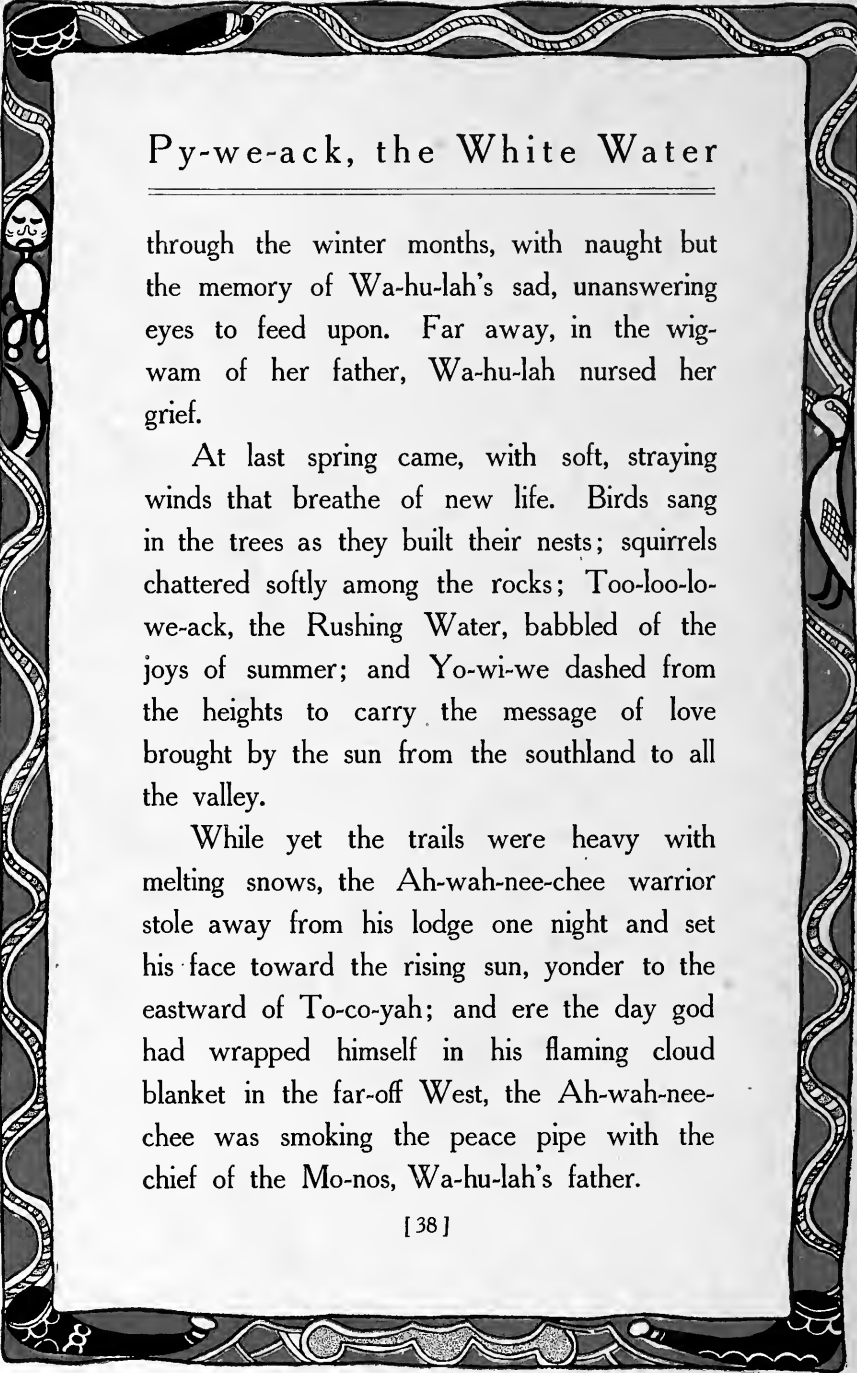


Py-we-ack, the White Water

not yet worn away, though there had been two seasons of grass and flowers since her voice rose in the funeral wail beside the pyre of her dead lover. She had not died as the dove does when her mate is gone; but she could not forget, and as she sat among the feasters sorrow throbbed in her heart like the ceaseless whirr of a grouse's wing. The Ah-wah-nee-chee warrior sought in vain for an answering sign, and when the days of feasting were over Wa-hu-lah went away with her father.

Day and night the Ah-wah-nee-chee thought of his love; the face of Wa-hu-lah was ever before his eyes; and he knew that he must follow her and bring her to his lodge. But already the snow-clouds resting on the peaks of Sky Mountains were scattering their burden, soft and white as the down of Tis-sa-ack's wings. Valley and forest lay lifeless under a thick blanket, and the trails were choked with snow.

The Ah-wah-nee-chee's love smouldered



Py-we-ack, the White Water

through the winter months, with naught but the memory of Wa-hu-lah's sad, unanswering eyes to feed upon. Far away, in the wigwam of her father, Wa-hu-lah nursed her grief.

At last spring came, with soft, straying winds that breathe of new life. Birds sang in the trees as they built their nests; squirrels chattered softly among the rocks; Too-loo-lo-we-ack, the Rushing Water, babbled of the joys of summer; and Yo-wi-we dashed from the heights to carry the message of love brought by the sun from the southland to all the valley.

While yet the trails were heavy with melting snows, the Ah-wah-nee-chee warrior stole away from his lodge one night and set his face toward the rising sun, yonder to the eastward of To-co-yah; and ere the day god had wrapped himself in his flaming cloud blanket in the far-off West, the Ah-wah-nee-chee was smoking the peace pipe with the chief of the Mo-nos, Wa-hu-lah's father.

"The white sails of the water tower themselves stood the maiden
and hid her in a shroud of spray."

“The white spirits of the water threw themselves around the maiden
and hid her in a shroud of spray.”







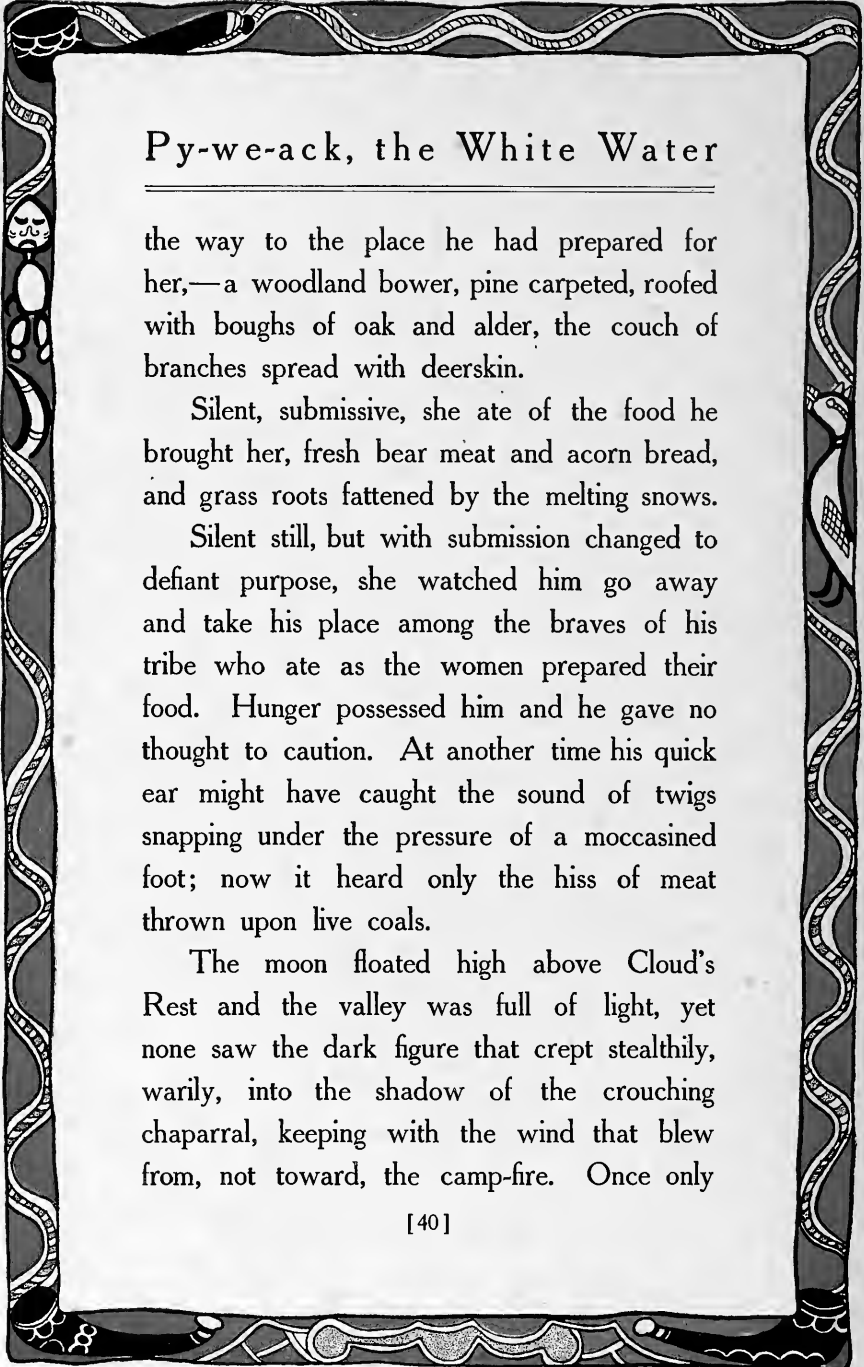
Py-we-ack, the White Water

Before the sun again strode the bald peaks of the Sky Mountains, he was gone; and when the women came forth to make ready the morning meal, the old chief saw that Wa-hu-lah was not among them; and he knew that the spirit of the peace pipe had been violated.

Wa-hu-lah made no struggle when she found herself borne along in the arms of her captor. Her heart beat like the heart of a hunted thing that feels the hunter near and cover far away, but her face showed no sign. It was useless to resist; but had the Ah-wah-nee-chee looked into the still, sad depths of her eyes, he would have seen there a glittering spark, the fire of a woman's lasting hate.

Along the heavy trail he toiled, and not until he reached the kinder paths that Spring had cleared did he let Wa-hu-lah's feet rest upon the ground. Then she walked before him, silent, submissive, but with the spark still glowing in her downcast eyes.

Silent, submissive, she followed as he led



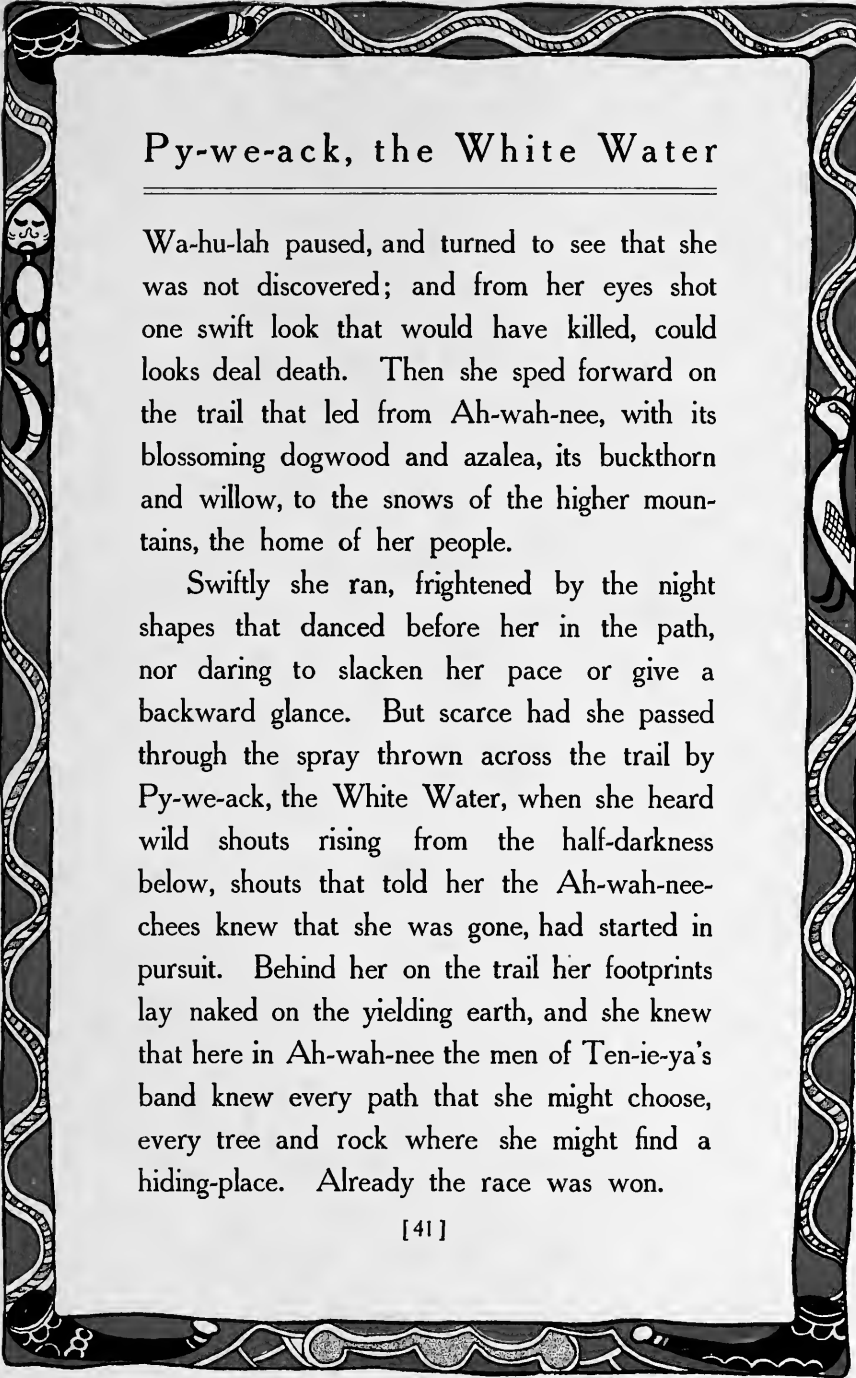
Py-we-ack, the White Water

the way to the place he had prepared for her,—a woodland bower, pine carpeted, roofed with boughs of oak and alder, the couch of branches spread with deerskin.

Silent, submissive, she ate of the food he brought her, fresh bear meat and acorn bread, and grass roots fattened by the melting snows.

Silent still, but with submission changed to defiant purpose, she watched him go away and take his place among the braves of his tribe who ate as the women prepared their food. Hunger possessed him and he gave no thought to caution. At another time his quick ear might have caught the sound of twigs snapping under the pressure of a moccasined foot; now it heard only the hiss of meat thrown upon live coals.

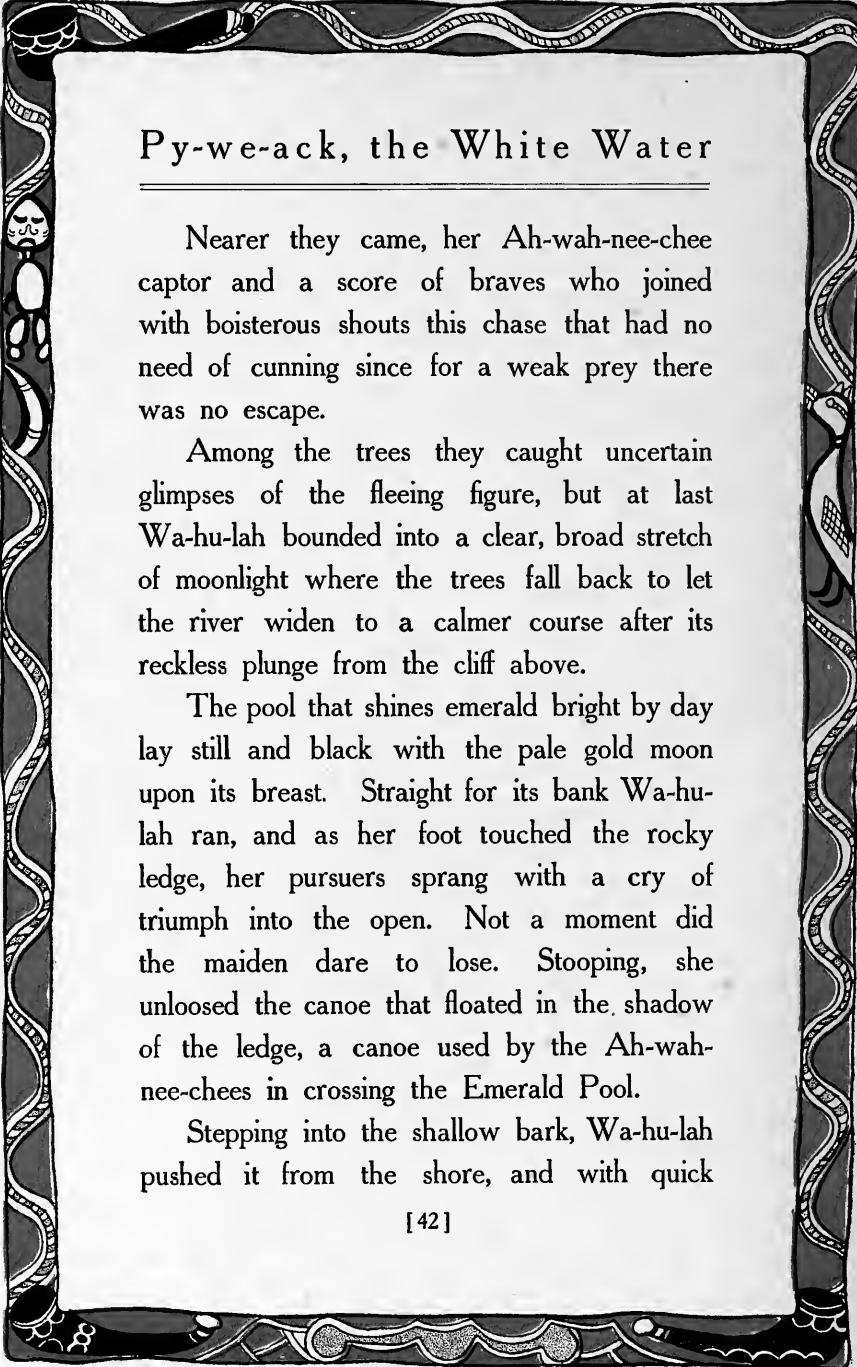
The moon floated high above Cloud's Rest and the valley was full of light, yet none saw the dark figure that crept stealthily, warily, into the shadow of the crouching chaparral, keeping with the wind that blew from, not toward, the camp-fire. Once only



Py-we-ack, the White Water

Wa-hu-lah paused, and turned to see that she was not discovered; and from her eyes shot one swift look that would have killed, could looks deal death. Then she sped forward on the trail that led from Ah-wah-nee, with its blossoming dogwood and azalea, its buckthorn and willow, to the snows of the higher mountains, the home of her people.

Swiftly she ran, frightened by the night shapes that danced before her in the path, nor daring to slacken her pace or give a backward glance. But scarce had she passed through the spray thrown across the trail by Py-we-ack, the White Water, when she heard wild shouts rising from the half-darkness below, shouts that told her the Ah-wah-nee-chees knew that she was gone, had started in pursuit. Behind her on the trail her footprints lay naked on the yielding earth, and she knew that here in Ah-wah-nee the men of Ten-ie-ya's band knew every path that she might choose, every tree and rock where she might find a hiding-place. Already the race was won.



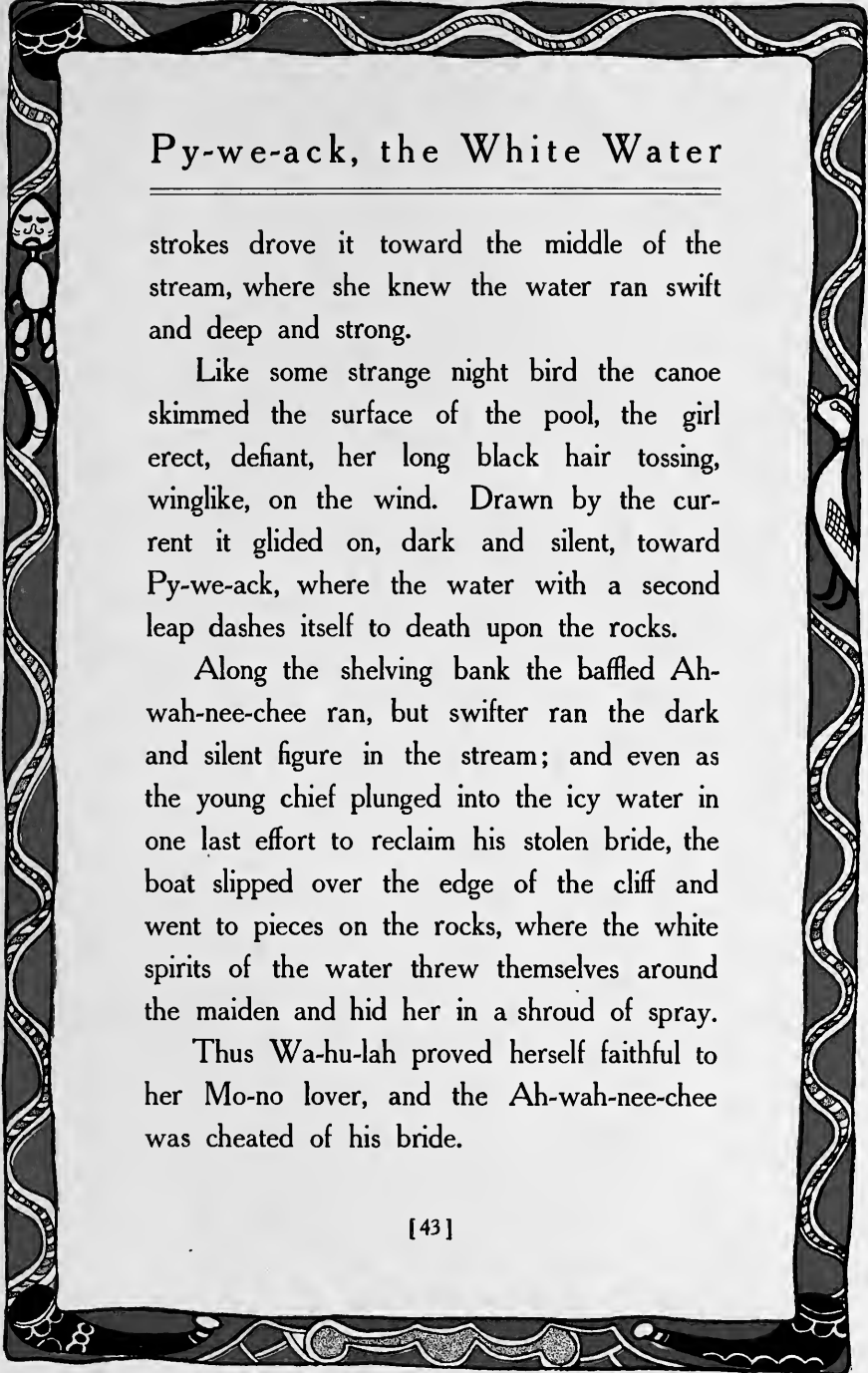
Py-we-ack, the White Water

Nearer they came, her Ah-wah-nee-chee captor and a score of braves who joined with boisterous shouts this chase that had no need of cunning since for a weak prey there was no escape.

Among the trees they caught uncertain glimpses of the fleeing figure, but at last Wa-hu-lah bounded into a clear, broad stretch of moonlight where the trees fall back to let the river widen to a calmer course after its reckless plunge from the cliff above.

The pool that shines emerald bright by day lay still and black with the pale gold moon upon its breast. Straight for its bank Wa-hu-lah ran, and as her foot touched the rocky ledge, her pursuers sprang with a cry of triumph into the open. Not a moment did the maiden dare to lose. Stooping, she unloosed the canoe that floated in the shadow of the ledge, a canoe used by the Ah-wah-nee-chees in crossing the Emerald Pool.

Stepping into the shallow bark, Wa-hu-lah pushed it from the shore, and with quick



Py-we-ack, the White Water

strokes drove it toward the middle of the stream, where she knew the water ran swift and deep and strong.

Like some strange night bird the canoe skimmed the surface of the pool, the girl erect, defiant, her long black hair tossing, winglike, on the wind. Drawn by the current it glided on, dark and silent, toward Py-we-ack, where the water with a second leap dashes itself to death upon the rocks.

Along the shelving bank the baffled Ah-wah-nee-chee ran, but swifter ran the dark and silent figure in the stream; and even as the young chief plunged into the icy water in one last effort to reclaim his stolen bride, the boat slipped over the edge of the cliff and went to pieces on the rocks, where the white spirits of the water threw themselves around the maiden and hid her in a shroud of spray.

Thus Wa-hu-lah proved herself faithful to her Mo-no lover, and the Ah-wah-nee-chee was cheated of his bride.



Along the edge of the door and over the window
now and then white violet.

“Along the edge of the river and over the meadows * * one can
now find tiny white violets.”

TU-TOCK-AH-NU-LAH
^{AND}
TIS - SA - ACK





Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

SINCE the world was young Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, the Rock Chief, had guarded Ah-wah-nee, the home of the children of the sun. For his watch-tower he chose a storm-tried rock on the northern wall of the valley, and from this far height defied all the powers of evil.

In the spring he besought the Great Spirit to send rain that the wild corn might hang heavy with tasseling grain, the berries cluster thick on the branches of the manzanita, and the fish abound in the waters of the river. In the summer he fattened the bear and deer, and in the autumn he wandered through the mountains driving them from their haunts that the hunter might not return empty-handed from the chase. The smoke of his pipe spread like a soft haze through the air, sheltering the women from the sun when they went forth to gather acorns and wood for winter.

His form was like a spear, straight and strong; and he reared his head high above

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

the clouds. In his arm was the strength of an untamed grizzly; and his voice was like the sound of Cho-look, the great fall that thunders down from the north, starting deep echoes from crag and gorge. When the sunlight danced upon the water, the Ah-wah-nee-chees were happy, for they knew that Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah smiled; when the sky was overcast, they trembled, fearful of his frown; when his sighs swept mournfully through the pines, they, too, were sad. The children of Ah-wah-nee loved the mighty Rock Chief who dwelt above them in his lonely lodge.

One morning, as his midnight watch drew to a close and the first pale glint of day shone on his forehead, he heard a soft voice whisper, "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah!"

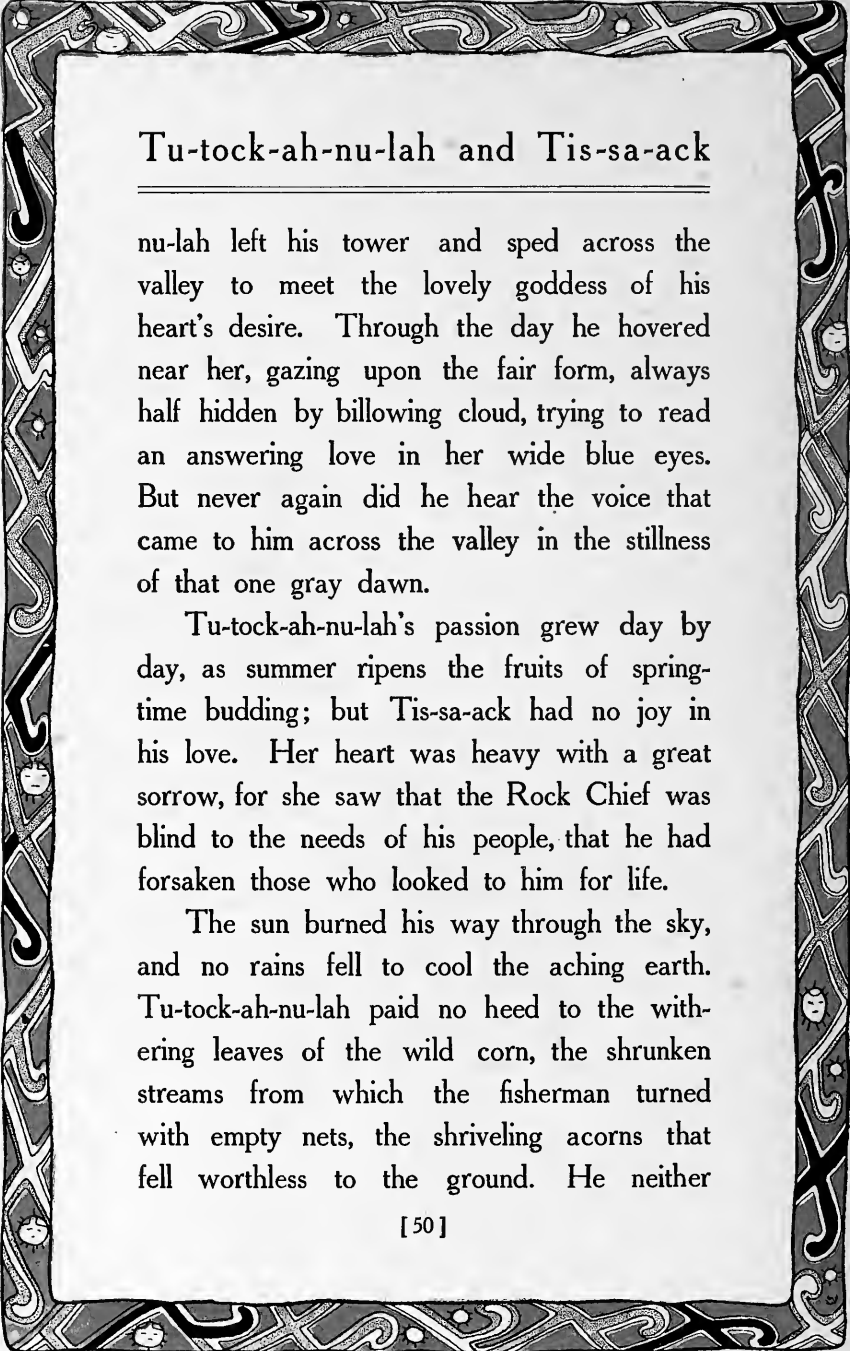
His eyes burned with the passion fire as a fair vision rose before him, yonder on the granite dome of the southern wall. It was the form of a maiden, not of the dark tribe he loved and guarded, but fairer than any he had seen or known in dreams. Her face

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

had the rosy flush of dawn, her eyes took their color from the morning sky, and her hair was like strands of golden sunlight. Her voice was low as a dove call when she whispered Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah's name.

For a moment she lingered, smiling; but even as the Rock Chief leaped from his tower in answer to her call, she glided across the rounded dome and faded from his sight, leaving her throne shrouded in a snowy cloud. Piqued by the mystery of her flight, Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah followed the sound of her rustling garments, wandering all day over the mountains; but the pine trees wove a blue mist about her, hiding her from his eyes. Not until he returned to his citadel at night did he see her face again. Then for an instant she appeared upon her throne, her pale brow tinged with the rose glow of the sun; and he knew that she was Tis-sa-ack, the Goddess of the Valley, who shared with him the loving care of the Ah-wah-nee-chees.

Every morning now at dawn Tu-tock-ah-



Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

nu-lah left his tower and sped across the valley to meet the lovely goddess of his heart's desire. Through the day he hovered near her, gazing upon the fair form, always half hidden by billowing cloud, trying to read an answering love in her wide blue eyes. But never again did he hear the voice that came to him across the valley in the stillness of that one gray dawn.

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah's passion grew day by day, as summer ripens the fruits of spring-time budding; but Tis-sa-ack had no joy in his love. Her heart was heavy with a great sorrow, for she saw that the Rock Chief was blind to the needs of his people, that he had forsaken those who looked to him for life.

The sun burned his way through the sky, and no rains fell to cool the aching earth. Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah paid no heed to the withering leaves of the wild corn, the shrunk streams from which the fisherman turned with empty nets, the shriveling acorns that fell worthless to the ground. He neither

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

knew nor cared that the hunter, after weary days in the mountains, came to his lodge at night with arrows unused, to meet the anxious glance of starving women and hear the wailing cry of hungry children.

The Ah-wah-nee-chees called upon the Rock Chief in vain. He did not hear their cries; he thought only of his love. The harvest moon looked down into the valley and saw the dark form of Famine skulking there. Then it was that Tis-sa-ack's love was swept away by an overwhelming pity; and as she lay upon her couch she cried out to the Great Spirit to send the rain-clouds that bear life to all things of the earth.

And even as she prayed, there came an answer to her prayer. With a voice of thunder the Great Spirit gave commands to the spirits of the air. With a barbed shaft of lightning he rent the granite dome where Tis-sa-ack prayed; and from the cleft rock came a rush of water that filled the dry basin of Wai-ack, the Mirror Lake,

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

and sent a wandering stream through the thirsty fields.

Now the withered corn-stalks raised their drooping heads, flowers nodded among the waving grasses and offered their lips to the wild bees, and the acorns swelled with sap that crept upward from reviving roots. The women went joyously into the fields to gather the harvest, and the men no longer returned with empty pouches from the forest or fished by the riverside in vain.

The chief of the Ah-wah-nee-chees ordered a great feast, and all faces were turned in gratitude to the dome where Tis-sa-ack dwelt. But Tis-sa-ack was gone. She had sacrificed her love, her life, for the children of Ah-wah-nee. Through her they had suffered; through her their sufferings had ceased; and that all might hold her memory dear she left them the lake, the river and a fragment of her throne. Upon the bosom of Ke-koo-too-yem, the Sleeping Water, her spirit rests, wandering sometimes of a summer evening to the Half Dome, there to linger for a

"Her spirit wanders to the Hall Dome, there to rest
for a moment."

"Her spirit, * * wandering * * to the Half Dome, there to linger
for a moment."





Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

moment as the sun slips over the western wall of the valley.

As she flew away a soft down from her wings fell upon the earth; and where it fell, along the edge of the river and over the meadows stretching toward Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah's watch-tower, one can now find tiny white violets, whose fragrance is the secret of a loving spirit, a breath of happiness to all who gather them.

When Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah found that Tis-sa-ack was gone, a great sadness came upon him. Day and night his sighs swept through the pine trees. He puffed gloomily at his pipe until his tower was hidden in a cloud of smoke. At last, thinking to follow and find his lost love, he went away; and lest he be forgotten, he carved with his hunting-knife the outlines of his face upon the wall of his fortress, which the white man has named El Capitan.

As he turned sadly from his lodge, Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah perceived that the air was filled with a rare and subtle perfume, blowing from

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack

a stretch of meadow fringed with tamarack. Thinking it the breath of Tis-sa-ack, he followed on and on, forgetful of the arts of E-ee-ke-no, who dwells among the water-lilies in the lake which the Three Brothers hold in the hollow of their hands.

E-ee-ke-no had long loved the Rock Chief, but Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah scorned her unsought love, which turned through jealousy to bitter hate. Now as she saw him go away in search of Tis-sa-ack, she threw around him the mystic fragrance of the water-lily, which, gentle as a caress, is deadly to all who win the hatred of E-ee-ke-no.

On and on across the meadow fringed with tamarack, among the wild flowers and the waving grasses, Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah wandered, following blindly the transformed spirit of E-ee-ke-no until he disappeared forever in the depths of the lake.

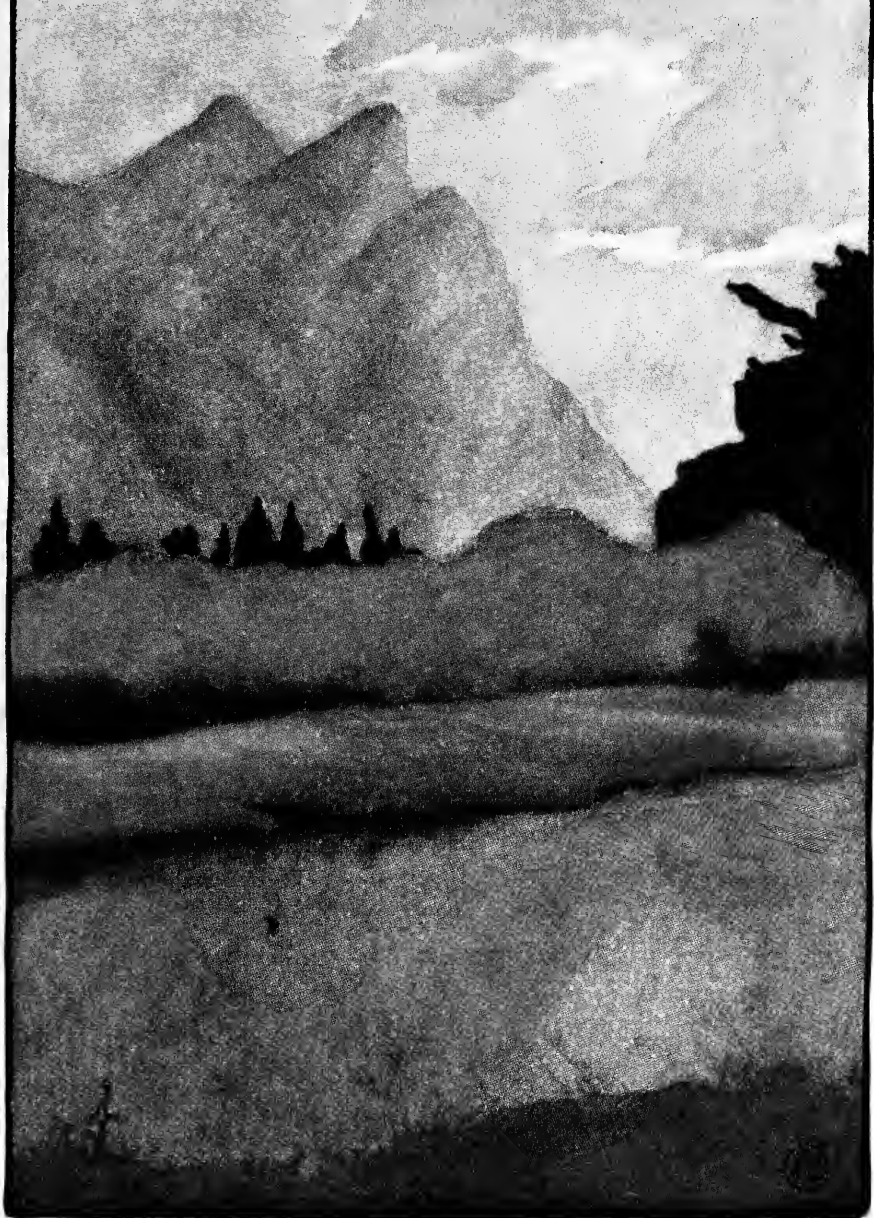
ROMA, ITALIA

For ever and ever the first of the world to be over and over
the first of the world to be over and over

"Forever and forever the Three Brothers sit looking over each other's shoulders from the north wall of Ah-wah-nee."

KOM-PO-PAI-SES

LEAPING FROG ROCKS







Kom-po-pai-ses, Leaping Frog Rocks

FOREVER and forever the Three Brothers sit looking over each other's shoulders from the north wall of Ah-wah-nee.

The Indians likened these peaks to frogs sitting back upon their haunches ready to leap, and called them Kom-po-pai-ses, the Leaping Frog Rocks. This the white man did not know when he named them the Three Brothers.

The story of the Three Brothers is history, not tradition. It has to do with the coming of the white man to Ah-wah-nee, and the downfall of Ten-ie-ya, the last chief of the Ah-wah-nee-chees.

Across the plains that billow away toward the sea, Ten-ie-ya watched the approach of the white stranger, having always in mind the words of the old man who was his counselor when he left the land of his Mo-no mother and returned to Ah-wah-nee to rule over his father's people.

The patriarch had heard the call of the Great Spirit, bidding him to the happy land



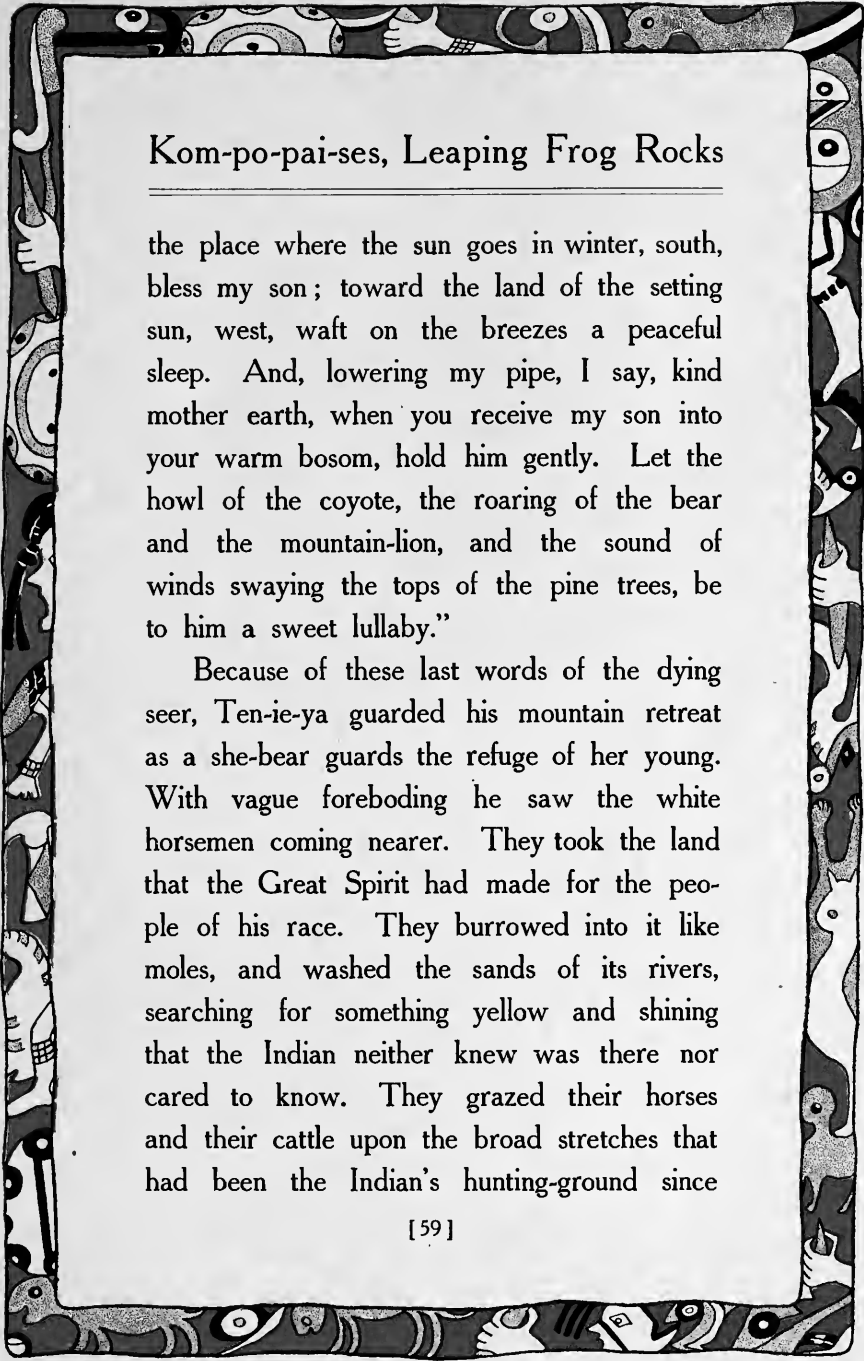
Kom-po-pai-ses, Leaping Frog Rocks

of the West, and had told Ten-ie-ya many things. This, last of all:

“Obey my word, O Ten-ie-ya, and your people shall be many as the blades of grass, and none shall dare to bring war into Ah-wah-nee. But look you ever, my son, against the white horsemen of the great plains beyond; for once they have crossed the western mountains, your tribe will scatter as the dust before a desert wind, and never come together again. Guard well your stronghold, O Ten-ie-ya, lest you be the last of the great chiefs of Ah-wah-nee.”

The faded eyes had the light that comes when the call of the Great Spirit sounds very near, and the feeble hand of the patriarch trembled as he raised his pipe above his head, and said:

“Great Spirit, I pray be good to my son, the chief of the Ah-wah-nee-chees. Toward the pines, north, cold wind treat him kindly; toward the rising sun, east, great sun shine upon his lodge in the early morning; toward



Kom-po-pai-ses, Leaping Frog Rocks

the place where the sun goes in winter, south, bless my son; toward the land of the setting sun, west, waft on the breezes a peaceful sleep. And, lowering my pipe, I say, kind mother earth, when you receive my son into your warm bosom, hold him gently. Let the howl of the coyote, the roaring of the bear and the mountain-lion, and the sound of winds swaying the tops of the pine trees, be to him a sweet lullaby."

Because of these last words of the dying seer, Ten-ie-ya guarded his mountain retreat as a she-bear guards the refuge of her young. With vague foreboding he saw the white horsemen coming nearer. They took the land that the Great Spirit had made for the people of his race. They burrowed into it like moles, and washed the sands of its rivers, searching for something yellow and shining that the Indian neither knew was there nor cared to know. They grazed their horses and their cattle upon the broad stretches that had been the Indian's hunting-ground since



Kom-po-pai-ses, Leaping Frog Rocks

time began. They even went so far, these pale-faced strangers, as to steal Indian women for their wives. And always they made their camps nearer and nearer to Ah-wah-nee.

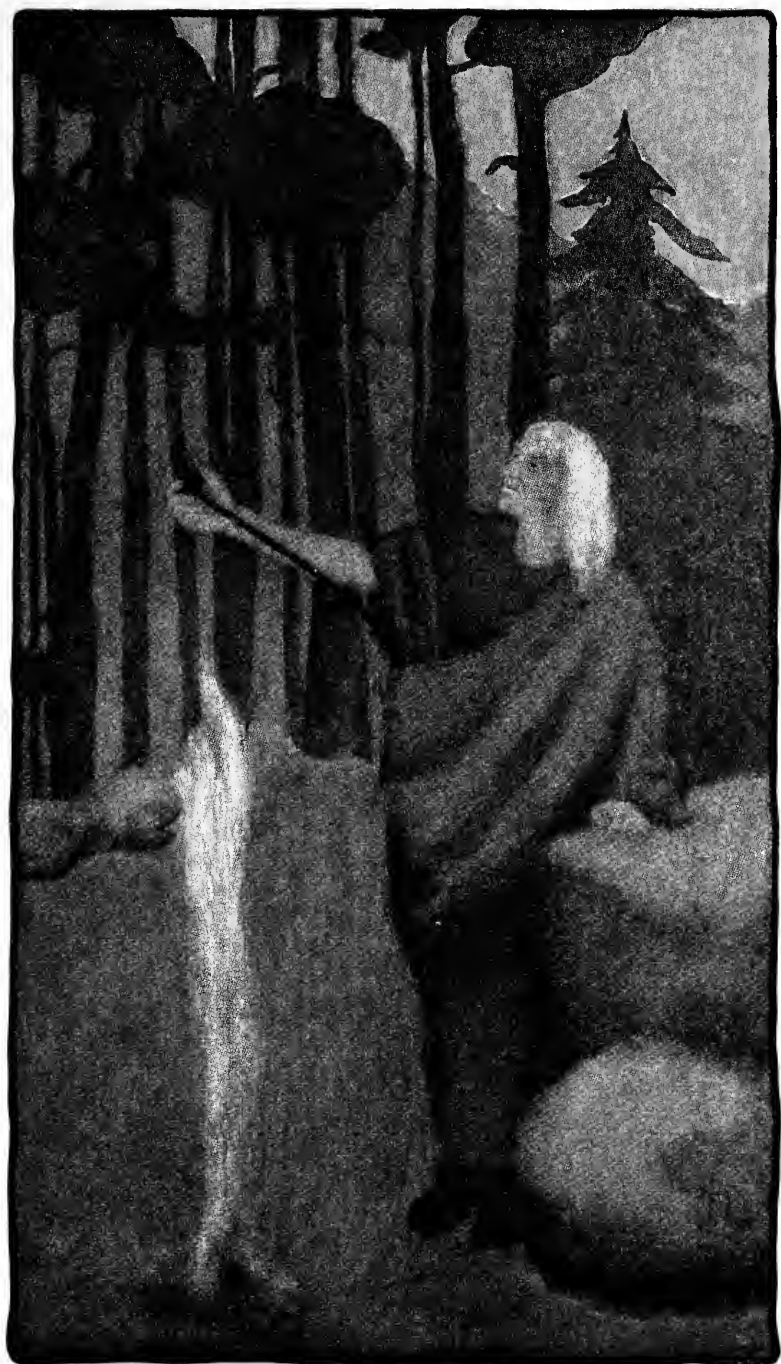
While the vigor of youth remained, Ten-ie-ya did not fear these men of an alien race. He only hated them. With his band of lawless Grizzlies he stole forth in the night and drove away their horses to kill for food; and as they feasted, drunk with the taste of warm blood, their spirits were made bold, and the deep gorge rang with shouts of defiance.

But Ten-ie-ya grew old, and the white horsemen of the plains, now strong in number, were at the very walls of Ah-wah-nee. The words of the dying patriarch were ever in his ears, and he knew that the evil day was come.

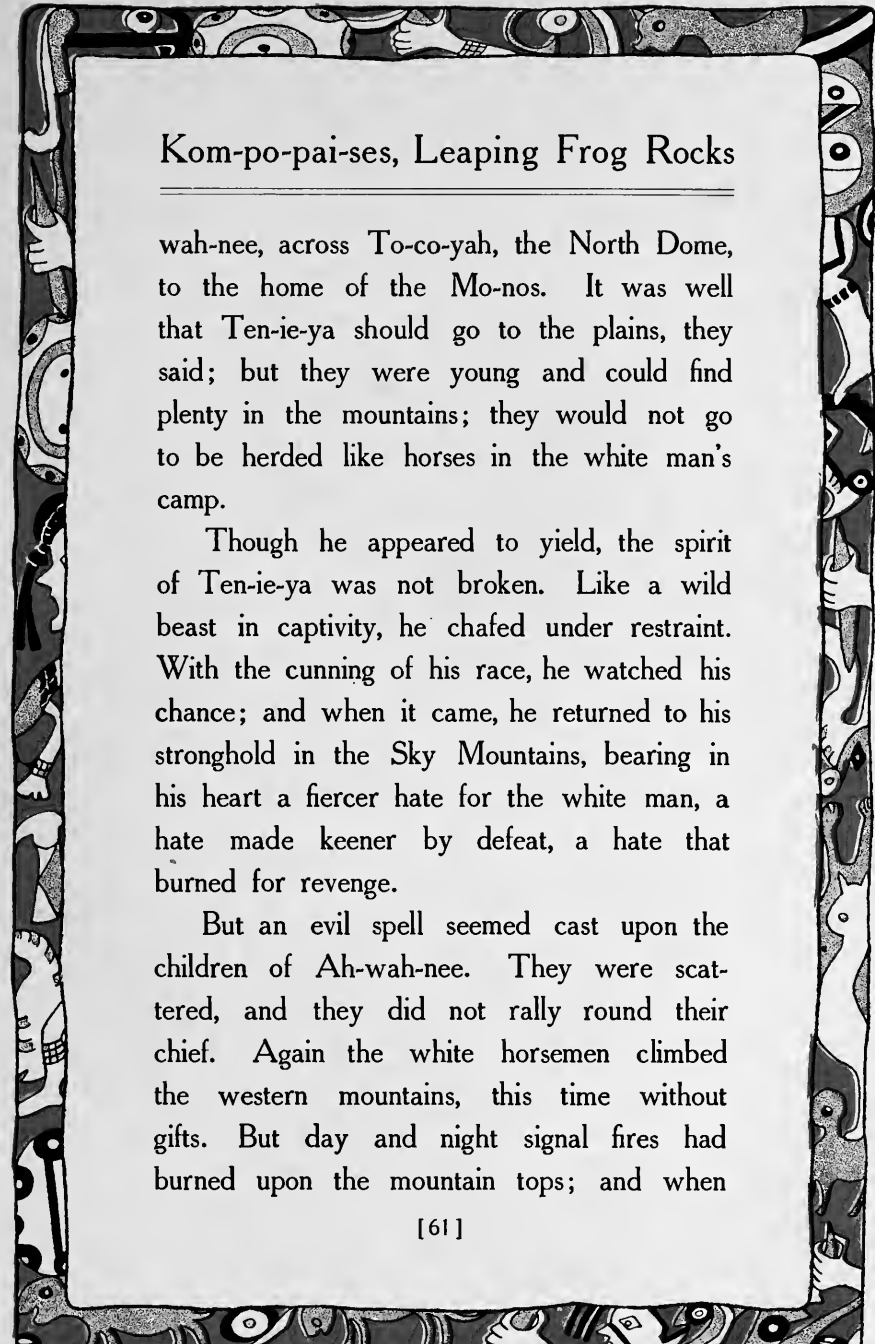
At last the white men climbed the western mountains, offering gifts in the name of the Great Father, their chief; and when they went away they led Ten-ie-ya captive to their camp. The young braves fled from Ah-

There is a great deal of work to be done.

"Toward the pines, north, cold wind treat him kindly."







Kom-po-pai-ses, Leaping Frog Rocks

wah-nee, across To-co-yah, the North Dome, to the home of the Mo-nos. It was well that Ten-ie-ya should go to the plains, they said; but they were young and could find plenty in the mountains; they would not go to be herded like horses in the white man's camp.

Though he appeared to yield, the spirit of Ten-ie-ya was not broken. Like a wild beast in captivity, he chafed under restraint. With the cunning of his race, he watched his chance; and when it came, he returned to his stronghold in the Sky Mountains, bearing in his heart a fiercer hate for the white man, a hate made keener by defeat, a hate that burned for revenge.

But an evil spell seemed cast upon the children of Ah-wah-nee. They were scattered, and they did not rally round their chief. Again the white horsemen climbed the western mountains, this time without gifts. But day and night signal fires had burned upon the mountain tops; and when



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the messengers of the Great Father entered Ah-wah-nee they found the valley deserted, save for five dark figures that darted like shadows from tree to rock at the base of a jagged spur of the northern wall.

Feeling themselves secure because of the swollen river that lay between, the five scouts came into the open when discovered, and mocked the strangers; then disappeared up the side of a cliff so straight and pathless that no white man could follow. By fair promises carried to them by an Indian guide they were induced to come into camp, and three of them were found to be sons of Ten-ie-ya.

It does not speak for the faith of white men that one of the brothers was killed while held as hostage until the aged chief should come in and deliver himself to the messengers of the Great Father; and that only an uncertain aim saved another who tried to escape through the Cañon of the Arrow-wood, where his father was hiding. When he saw it was useless to resist further these fearless,



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faithless horsemen of the plains, who had stolen his lands and his women, who would not let him live in peace in his mountains, Ten-ie-ya came down from Le-ham-i-te, the Cañon of the Arrow-wood, by a trail that led into the valley through the branches of a giant oak.

The first sight that met the gaze of the twice-conquered chieftain was the dead body of his youngest son. He spoke no word, but lines of sorrow appeared in the hard, old face; and secretly, in the heart of the night, he had the young chief's body carried away—none knew where. Once more he tried for his liberty; once more was captured. Then in a passion of grief and rage, he turned his bare breast to his captors, and cried:

“Kill me, white chief, as you have killed my son, as you would kill all my people if they would but come to you. You have brought sorrow to my heart. For me the sun shines no more. Kill me, white chief, and



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when I am dead I will call my people, that they shall come and avenge the death of their chief and his son. My spirit will follow your footsteps forever. I will not leave the spirit world, you will not see me, but I will follow you where you go and you will know it is the spirit of the old chief, and you will fear me and grow cold. This is the message of the Great Spirit."

But Ten-ie-ya's hour was not yet come. He was to die, for an act of treachery, at the hands of the Mo-nos, his mother's people. Even so, the prophecy of the seer was fulfilled, for the white horsemen of the plains had crossed the western mountains, the tribe was scattered, never to come together again, and Ten-ie-ya was the last great chief of the Ah-wah-nee-chees.

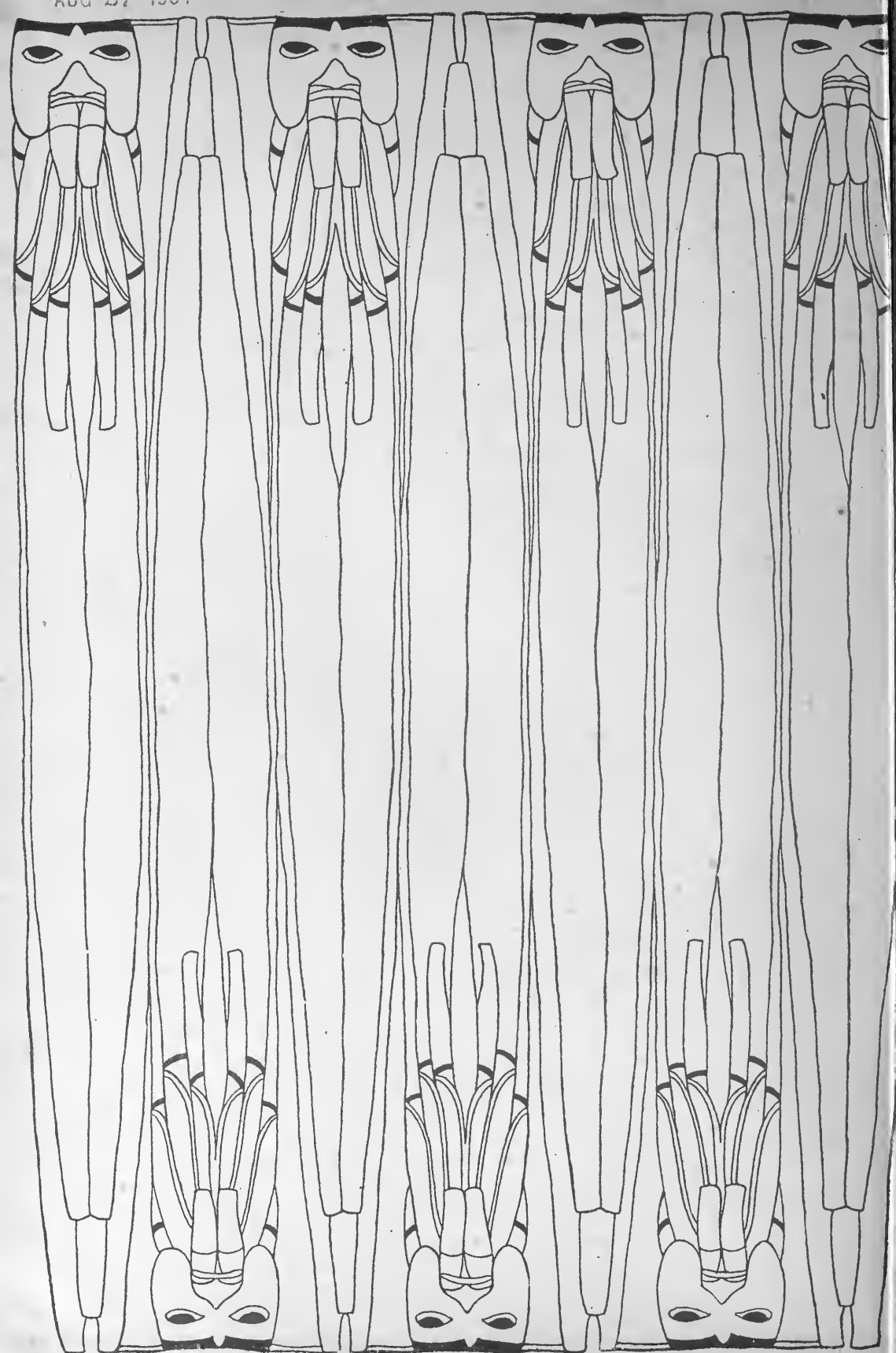
Because his three sons were captured at its base, the triple peak in the northern wall was given the name Three Brothers.

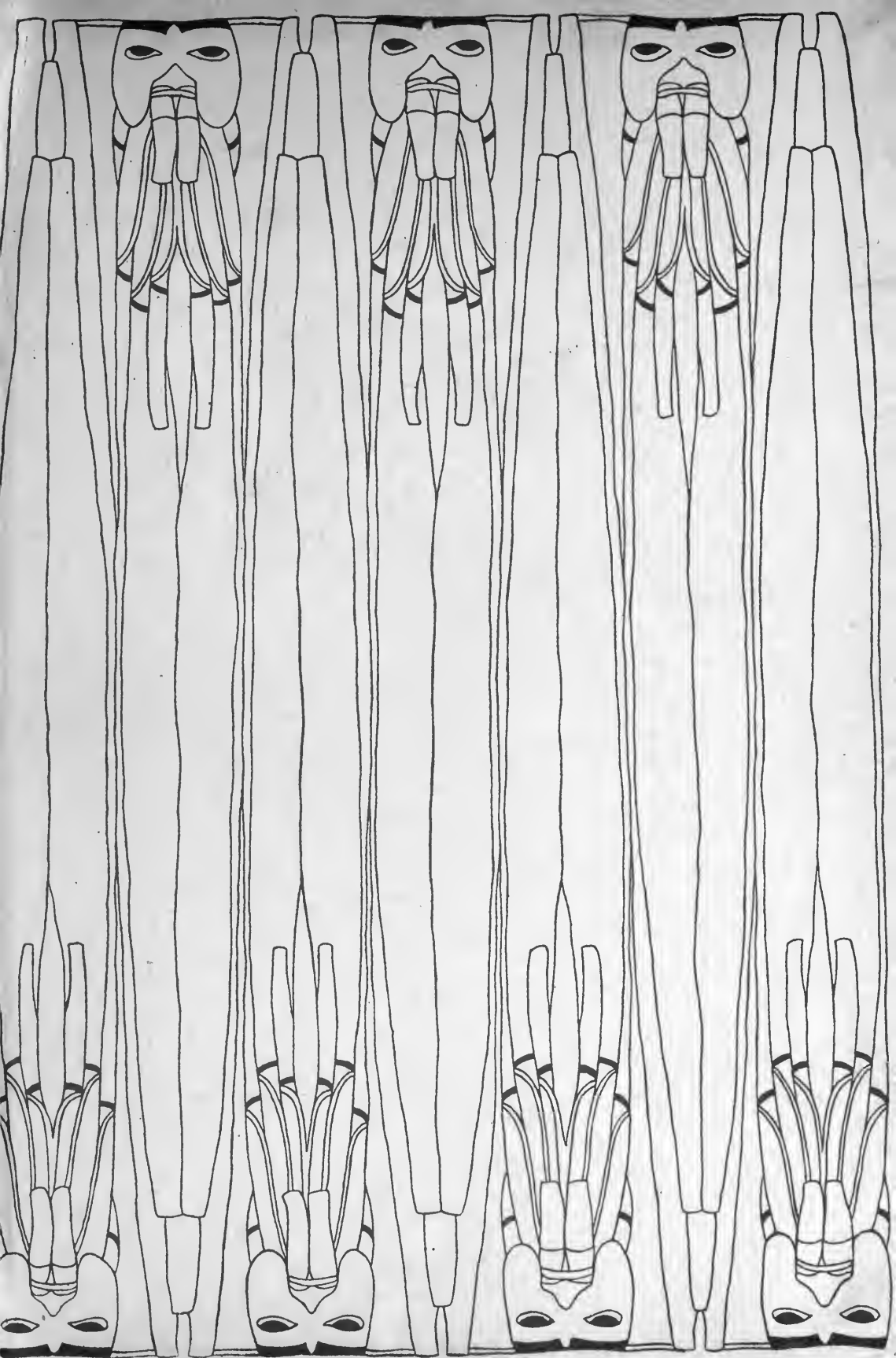
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